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Henry Edward Fourth Lord Holland

HOLLAND HOUSE.

BY

PRINCESS MARIE LIECHTENSTEIN.



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Mary Augusta Lady Holland

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME I.

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Dedicated to the Memory

OF

HENRY EDWARD, FOURTH LORD HOLLAND.

PREFACE.

UNPRETENDING as I intend this book to be, I cannot yet send it before the world without an acknowledgment to those who have helped me, not only by collecting information, but by harder and drier work. When I thought the book well-nigh completed, I found it was necessary that many historical facts and quotations should be verified or checked.

Going abroad made this double task almost hopeless, and I do not know what I should have done without the kind and valuable aid of my friends, Miss Probyn and Sir James Lacaita, and Mr. Taylor, of the British Museum.

Nor can I close these few words of Preface without acknowledging the embellishments my book

has received from the assistance of the artists, Mr. Philip De la Motte and Mr. Jeens, whose taste and talents on the present occasion speak for themselves.

MARIE LIECHTENSTEIN.

VIENNA, *October*, 1873.

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HOLLAND HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY TIMES OF HOLLAND HOUSE.

It may be desirable to precede our account of Holland House by a few words about the ground upon which it stands and about some of its earlier inhabitants. Possibly we shall thus recall to the reader's mind personages and facts already familiar; but brought into contact with Holland House, they may appear in a new light, and, in any case, a mention of them attaches itself naturally to our subject, as the oft-told anecdote of King Alfred and the burnt cakes attaches itself to a history of England.

Holland House is situated in the parish of Kensington, called in the Domesday Book Chenesiton,

town, or parish, (for this, rather than the modern idea of a number of grouped houses, would be the meaning of the termination "-ton" or "tun,") of Chenesi. But there are other etymologies to choose from. According to J. M. Kemble, a high authority on such matters, Kensington would be the "tun" or parish of the Cenesingas. It also appears as Kenesitune, Chensnetuna, Kensitune, Kinsintuna, &c. Any of these might have been corrupted into Kensington as easily as Knutting-barnes into Notting Hill, and more easily, perhaps, than *Route du Roi* into Rotten Row.

Kensington, it is hardly necessary to say, begins at about a mile and a half from Hyde Park Corner, and extends, in different directions, towards Hammersmith, Notting Hill, and Chelsea. It has been the site of more than one historical house, and is consequently the scene of many historical lives. But to enlarge upon these facts would be to digress from the matter in hand.

When the Saxons first established themselves in England (A.D. 450), much of the conquered land was taken to reward the victorious army, and was parcelled out into hereditary possessions for different proprietors. But the Norman Conquest (A.D. 1066), with accidental, if not intentional, retribution, somewhat

displaced the allodial proprietors, who ceded their lands to the king or to some great nobleman, and only re-secured protected possession of them on the condition of feudal service.

Alluding to Kensington, Faulkner says: "In the distribution made by William the Conqueror, this manor was allotted to the Bishop of Constance, and appears, by the record of Domesday, to have been held of him by Aubrey de Vere, another of the chieftains, who came over with that monarch."[1]

But Faulkner is wrong. A learned critic has convinced us that Faulkner's Bishop of Constance was Geoffrey de Montbray, Bishop of Coutances. The mistake has doubtless arisen from a similarity between the names in Latin. But as it is a mistake which we were on the point of adopting, we notice it with humility rather than triumph.

It is curious to mark the difference between the value of this land in the eleventh century and in the nineteenth. Kensington, as held by the Bishop, is thus described in Domesday Book:—

"*Land of Aubrey de Vere. Osulvestane Hundred. Manor.*—Aubrey de Vere holds of the Bishop of Coutances, Kensington. It defends itself (does service or pays taxes) for 10 hides. The land

[1] Faulkner, History and Antiquities of Kensington, chap. ii.

(arable) is 10 plough-lands. There are there 4 plough-lands in the demesne; and the villeins have 5 plough-lands, and 6 can be made. There are 12 villeins there, each with a virgate; and 6 villeins with 3 virgates. The priest has half a virgate; and there are 7 serfs. The meadow-land is 2 plough-lands. Pasture for the cattle of the vill. Wood for 200 hogs; and 3 acres of vine. In all the value is 10 pounds; when (the owner) received it, 6 pounds; in the time of Edward, King, 10 pounds. This manor Edwin thane of King Edward held, and had the power of sale."[1]

The following value of Holland House Estate in the fifth year of Edward III. (A.D. 1331-2) may serve as a companion picture to the preceding:—

		£	s.	d.
House and Land	The capital messuage with dove-house	0	3	4
	One windmill worth yearly	0	13	4
	360 acres of arable land	6	0	0
	4½ acres of meadow	0	9	0
	20 acres of several pasture	1	0	0
	140 acres of wood	2	0	0
Rents of free tenants		1	19	10
Rents and works of customary tenants		7	10	0
Pleas and perquisites of courts		0	10	0
		£20	5	6

[1] Domesday Book, vol. i. f. 130, b:—"Terra Alberici de Ver. Osulvestane Hund. M. Albericus de ver ten[et] de ep[iscop]o Constantiensi Chenesit[un]. p[ro] x. hid[is] se def[en]d[it]. Terra est x. car[ucatæ]. Ibi in do[mi]nio sunt iiij. car[ucatæ] & vill[an]i

Allusion is made in one account of Holland House to the old abbey of Kensington, the lands of which are said to have consisted of ten hides and a virgate of demesne lands. Much has been written as to the quantities of land represented by a hide and a virgate. It seems certain that these quantities varied considerably in different parts of England; and as each authority has apparently felt almost satisfied when he has shown that the calculations of other writers have been erroneous, we shall offer no opinion upon the subject, but content ourselves with referring the curious to Kemble's "Saxons in England" and Sir H. Ellis's "Introduction to the Domesday Book." We do not, however, find much light thrown upon the Abbey itself. The dissolution of monasteries swept it away in the common lot, and this Abbey land became vested, like the others, in the Crown.

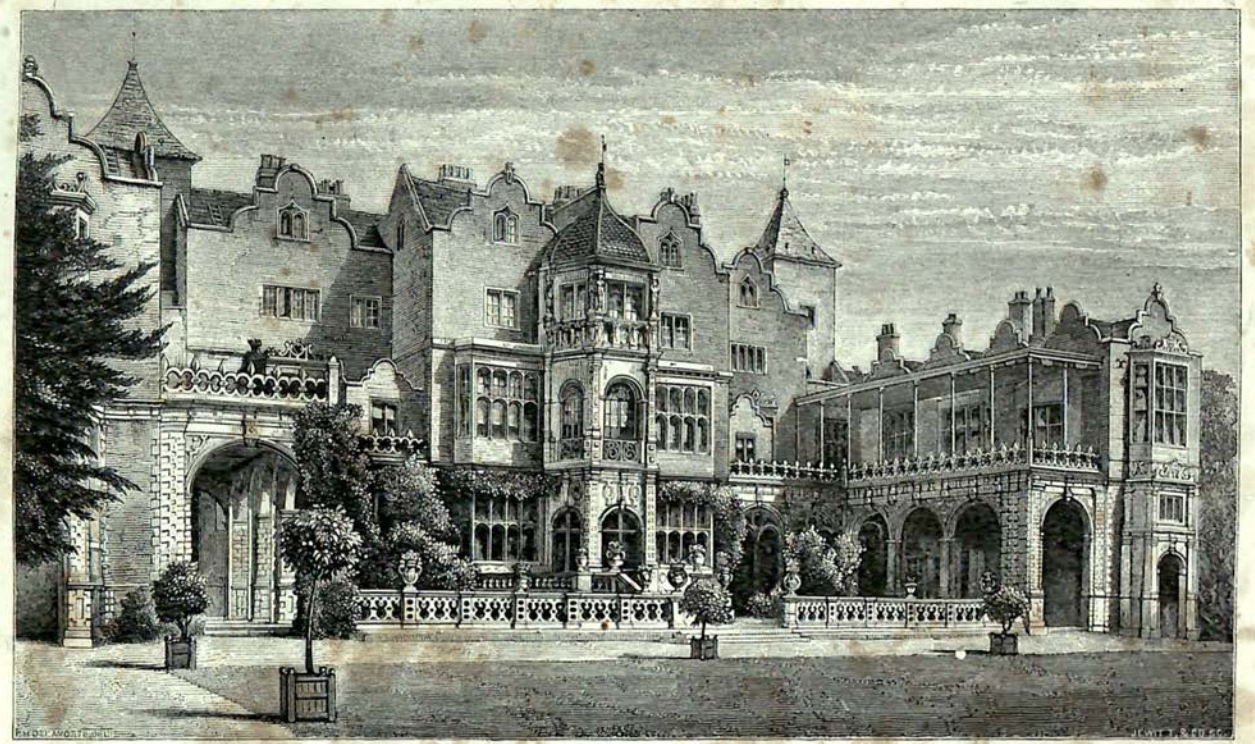
The Manor of Kensington was held by the De Veres, a family whose pedigree Leland deduces from

h[abe]nt v. car[ucatas] & vj. pot[erunt] fieri. Ibi xij. vill[an]i, q[u]isq[ue] i. virg[atam] & vj. vill[an]i de iij. virg[atis]. P[res]b[yte]r dim[idiam] virg[atam] & vij. servi. P[r]atu[m] ij. car[ucatæ]. Past[ur]a ad pecun[iam] villæ. Silva cc. porc[is] & iij. Arpenn[æ] vineæ. In totis valen[tia] val[et] x. lib[ris]; Q[uan]do recep[it], vj. lib[ris]; T[empor]e R[egis] E[dwardi] x. lib[ris]. Hoc M[anerium] tenuit Eduuin[us] teign[us] regis E[dwardi] & vend[er]e potuit."—*Domesday Book* (Record Commission). Edited by Sir H. Ellis.

Noah!!![1] In *comparatively* modern days, a De Vere was created Earl of Oxford; and in the reign of Elizabeth, Edward De Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, is said to have wasted his inheritance out of spite to his wife, because her father, Lord Burleigh, failed to obtain the pardon of the Duke of Norfolk, to whom Edward was affectionately attached. The last De Vere, Earl of Oxford, died in the reign of Queen Anne. It was, however, at the death of that De Vere known as "Little John of Campes" (A.D. 1526), that the De Veres' reign in Kensington ceased; for then the Manor, descending through Little John's sisters, passed sometimes entirely, sometimes in a divided form, into the families of Neville, Wingfield, and Cornwallis. Sir William and Lady Cornwallis held the whole Manor for a while; but it came into the possession of Archibald, seventh Earl of Argyll, on his marriage with their daughter Anne. This was the Earl of Argyll who returned to the faith of his fathers, and joined Catholic Spain against Protestant Holland.

In 1610 the Manor became the property of Sir Walter Cope, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to

[1] "*Repetit genus à* Noe. *Deinde à* Tideo Græco. *Insuper à Vero nobiliss.* Romano. *Postremo à* Milone *comite de* Genny, *alias* Gisney."—LELAND'S *Itinerary:* Hearne, vol. vi. p. 39.



HOLLAND HOUSE, SOUTH SIDE.

James I., whose wife, Dorothy, was daughter of Richard Grenville of Wotton, ancestor of the Duke of Buckingham, and who himself was Master of the Court of Wards to the King, and one of the Chamberlains of the Exchequer.

At this juncture, the historical mist somewhat clears away; the particular history of the House detaching itself from the general outline and claiming individuality; so that with the interest in our subject increases our knowledge of it. Sir Walter Cope, before acquiring the Manor, had laid the foundation of Cope Castle, now Holland House, and built the centre and turrets, in 1607. The accompanying illustration, though made quite recently, and giving more than the original extent of the house, may yet furnish some idea of its early appearance. As for the ancient Manor House, even its site is unknown; and Sir Walter Cope not mentioning such a habitation in his will, we may conclude that it was destroyed before the present house was built; in the building of which, indeed, some of its materials were perhaps used.

The first stone is often lost sight of beneath what follows; so the name of Cope is superseded by that of Holland, and Cope Castle by Holland House. But it may be now time to say with Vidocq: *Trouvez-*

moi la femme. We find her in Sir Walter Cope's daughter and heiress, Isabel, who married Sir Henry Rich, created in 1622 Baron Kensington, sent to Spain by James I. to assist in negotiating a marriage between Prince Charles and the Infanta, and made Earl of Holland in 1624. He it was who added to the building its wings and arcades; and, more than this, he employed the best artists of the time in decorating the interior.

In those days, the family of Rich was not very ancient. Richard Rich, an opulent mercer in the time of Henry VI., was great-grandfather to Lord Chancellor Rich under Edward VI. It was Rich who, at the trial of Sir Thomas More, witnessed against him as to a pretended conversation in the Tower.[1] But Sir Henry Rich, his great-grandson, the second son of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, and of Penelope, daughter of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, began life as a soldier; then, combining the weight of arms with the glitter of a Court, he became Captain of the King's Guard, and took rank as Knight of the Bath. On the death of his patron, Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I., he entered the service of Prince Charles; and, with what might be considered more success

[1] Burke's Extinct Peerages.

than credit, went on a mission of courtship for his master to Henrietta of France. He was a very handsome man and a fop, and a favourite of the Duke of Buckingham, as well as of the Court generally. The details of his sundry political adhesions, which were nearly as variable as the political events of his day, take up a good deal of room in the history of his times. Here they need only be briefly enumerated.

After the death of Buckingham, in 1628, he stood high in the favour and estimation of the Queen. He was entrusted with the command of the Horse in the Army raised against the Scottish Covenanters in 1639.[1] But by his retreat from Dunce he probably shook the confidence which had been reposed in him. His "Declaration made to the Kingdome"[2] has been called a bad apology for bad conduct, and a meeting between the disaffected members of Parliament and Fairfax, at Holland House, forced Charles to believe in his disloyalty. This meeting is mentioned in the *Perfect Diurnal* (1647) as follows:—

"*Friday, August* 6.—This morning the members of Parliament which were driven away by tumults from Westminster met the Generall at the Earle of

[1] Clarendon's Hist. of the Rebellion. Oxford, 1826. Vol. i., book ii.
[2] A Declaration made to the Kingdome, by Henry Earle of Holland. London, 1643. (King's Library, British Museum.)

Hollands house at Kensington, and subscribed the Declaration of the Army, and a further Declaration of their approving and joyning with the Army in their last proceedings, making null all acts passed by the Members at Westminster since *July* the 26 last. Afterwards his Excellency with the Lords, the Speaker of the house of Commons, with the Members of the said house, and many other Gentry, marched toward Westminster, a Guard of souldiers 3 deep standing from that place to the Forts; . . ."

In 1648 he returned to the Royalists, and appeared in arms for them at Kingston-on-Thames. But, being overpowered and afterwards captured at St. Neot's, he was imprisoned in Warwick Castle, which belonged to his own brother. Ultimately he was condemned to death by a new High Court of Justice, appointed for the trial of himself and several others, and his petition for his life was rejected in the Commons by a small majority.[1]

On the 9th of March, 1648-9, he was beheaded in Palace Yard, Westminster, expiating his waverings with his blood, and respect was so far shown to his remains that the next day they were buried at Kensington.

Although social success weighs but lightly in the

[1] Clarendon's Hist. of the Rebellion. Oxford, 1826. Vol. vi., book xi.

balance against decapitation, we should remember Henry Rich received all that was clever and fashionable at Holland House; not confining himself to his own countrymen. Bassompierre, who came over to England for the purpose of settling some difficulty arisen out of the dismissal of Queen Henrietta's French attendants, records the fact of having dined at the Earl of Holland's,—*à Stintinton*, says he; distorting our English names as easily as our own dear countrymen distort names on the other side of the Channel; and, with all respect to charity, this is saying a great deal.

Clarendon does the Earl of Holland's social qualifications justice, describing him as "a very handsome man, of a lovely and winning presence, and gentle conversation;"[1] and gives him a higher tribute in saying that he was never suspected to want courage, although he may have been wanting in alacrity. He deserved the tribute of courage by dying well, and perhaps proved his want of alacrity by letting a little of his ancient foppery cling to him even in his last hour. He appeared on the scaffold dressed in a white satin waistcoat and a white satin cap with silver lace.[2]

[1] Clarendon's Hist. of the Rebellion. Oxford, 1826. Vol. i., book i.
[2] Perfect Diurnal. Friday, March 9. (1648-9.)

According to Walker, in his "History of Independency," after having made a speech on the scaffold, ". . . . he prayed for a good space of time: after which by the instigation of Mr. *Bolton*, he said: That he was the less troubled with his violent death, when he remembered how his Saviour suffered for him; and again, when he considered the King his Master not long before passed the same way; with others at this time with himself, with a serious and pithy justification of his said Master the late Kings Majesty, a short recapitulation of his first speech concerning his Actions, Religion, breeding and sufferings. After all, wholly casting himself, on the merits and mercies of Jesus Christ, forgiving his Enemies, praying for peace, and that their blood might be the last, which was shed strangely, the tryall being as extraordinary as anything in the Kingdom: but he owned it as Gods hand: then having, some divine conference with Mr. *Bolton* for neer a quarter of an hour, and spoken to a Souldier that took him prisoner and others, he embraced Lievtenant Collonel *Beecher*, and took his leave of him. After which he came to Mr. *Bolton*, and having embraced him, and returned him many thanks for his great pains and affection to his soul, he prepared himself to the block: whereupon turning

to the Executioner, he said; *here my friend, let my Cloaths and my body alone, there is ten pounds for thee, that is better than my cloaths, I am sure of it. And when you take up my head, do not take off my cap:* then taking his farewell of his Servants, he kneeled down and prayed, for a pretty space, with much earnestness.

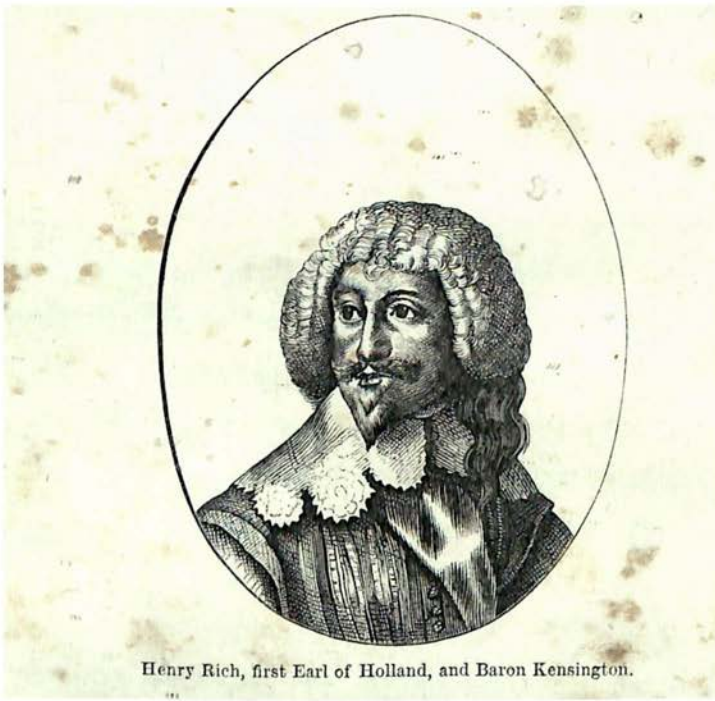
"Then going to the front of the Scaffold, he said to the People, *God bless you all, God give all happiness, to this Kingdom, to this People, to this Nation.* Then laying himself down, he seemed to pray with much affection for a short space, and then lifting up his head (seeing the Executioner by him) he said, *stay while I give the signe* and presently after stretching out his hand, and saying, now, now; just as the words were coming out of his mouth, the Executioner at one blow severed his head from his body."[1]

Such was the end of Henry Rich, first Earl of Holland, who owed Holland House to his wife, and to whom Holland House owes its name. The portrait we give of him on the next page is from an old print, and may excite more interest than admiration.

The first Earl of Holland left a large family; but on his death it was, according to Faulkner,

[1] History of Independency. London, 1660. Part IV.

General Fairfax who inhabited Holland House; and Lysons says that, in July 1649, General Lambert fixed his head-quarters there.[1] Nor are these the only Puritan names associated with the place. Cromwell himself is said to have discussed with



Henry Rich, first Earl of Holland, and Baron Kensington.

Ireton, in a field belonging to Holland House, the important events which had contributed to agitate England, choosing this open spot on account of Ireton's deafness, which made a secret no secret at all when confided incautiously to his ear. Even-

[1] We are ourselves not convinced that these statements are strictly accurate.

tually, however, the widowed Countess of Holland was allowed to live once more in her own home; and if devotion to a late husband can be proved by opposition to his enemies, Lady Holland was a devoted widow, for she encouraged acting in Holland House when theatres were shut by the Puritans.

There are not many particulars known about the history of the drama during this period; indeed, how can there be many particulars known about that of which suppression is the chief feature? According to Murphy, one may reckon four estates in England: the King, the Lords, the Commons, and—*the Theatres*.[1] But, according to the Puritans, the first and last of these estates were superfluities; for they dispensed with the King, and the theatres they suppressed. Early in the year 1647, an ordinance, mentioned by Cobbett,[2] was issued to the effect that "Whereas the acting of Stage Plays, Interludes, and common Plays, condemned by antient Heathens, and much less to be tolerated amongst professors of the Christian Religion, is the occasion of many and sundry great vices and disorders, . . . all Stage Players, Players of Interludes, and common Players, shall be taken to be Rogues, and punishable

[1] Rogers's Table Talk.

[2] Parliamentary History of England, vol. iii. p. 846.

within the Statutes of the 39th Eliz. and the 7th James, . . ." By this ordinance, also, it appears from Cobbett, that the Lord Mayor and several other functionaries were authorized to pull down all stage galleries, seats, and boxes used for the acting of Stage Plays or Interludes within their several jurisdictions; all such common players and actors were to be proceeded against as Rogues, if they still persisted to act; and each convicted spectator was to be fined 5*s.* for the poor of the parish.[1]

But notwithstanding all this, it would seem that a dramatic ghost still haunted the metropolis and its neighbourhood. Once in the winter of 1648, a few surviving histrionic Royalists, trying to act privately, were surprised by a party of foot-soldiers at the Cockpit when they were performing the tragedy of "The Bloody Brother," with Lowin as Aubrey, Taylor as Rollo, Pollard as the cook, Burt as La-torch, and Hart (probably) as Otto. They were carried off to prison, and only set at liberty after being plundered of their clothes.[2]

Persecution, therefore, making fine attire and theatrical ornaments dangerous, players were excused for a want of such, and painted cloth became a

[1] Parliamentary History of England, vol. iii. pp. 846-7.

[2] Geneste, History of the Stage. Bath, 1832. Vol. i. p. 23.

substitute for many deficiencies. In Oliver's time, private acting went on as it had done at the time of the first suppression, three or four miles out of town, in various noblemen's houses, and particularly at Holland House, where the nobility and gentry used to get subscriptions for the players, and "Alexander Goffe, the woman actor at Black-friers (who had made himself known to persons of quality) used to be the jackall, and give notice of time and place. . . ." [1] We may represent somewhat to our mind's eye the state of things alluded to in an old book, printed in 1673, which, as set forth upon the title-page in a whimsical arrangement (that we do not attempt to reproduce) of old type, is called: "The Wits, or, Sport upon Sport. Being a Curious Collection of several Drols and Farces, Presented and Shewn for the Merriment and Delight of Wise Men, and the Ignorant: As they have been sundry times Acted in Publique, and Private, in London at Bartholomew; in the Countrey at other Faires. In Halls and Taverns. On several Mountebancks Stages, at Charing Cross, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and other places. By several Stroleing Players, Fools, and Fidlers, and the Mountebancks Zanies. With loud Laughter, and

[1] A Select Collection of Old Plays. Second Edition, with notes by Isaac Reed. London, 1780. Vol. xii. (Historia Histrionica.)

great Applause. Written I know not when, by several Persons, I know not who; but now newly Collected by your Old Friend to please you, Francis Kirkman." We can somewhat imagine the state of things when, according to the Preface, "*the publique Theatres were shut up, and the Actors forbidden to present us with any of their Tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest; and Comedies, because the Vices of the Age were too lively and smartly represented; . . .*" And in this state of things we can imagine various authors and actors delighting an audience by stealth at Holland House.

The dramatic name of the period which has most impressed us is that of Robert Cox, an excellent comedian, who, when the theatres were suppressed, took to making drolls or farces, and got them performed under the sanction of rope-dancing at the Red Bull play-house, and in country towns at wakes and fairs. Talking of Cox, Kirkman, in his preface to the aforementioned work, says: ". . . . *How have I heard him cryed up for his* John Swabber, *and* Simpleton the Smith? . . . . *And so Naturally did he Act the Smiths part, that being at a Fair in a Countrey Town, and that Farce*[1] *being presented, the only Master Smith of the Town came to him, saying,*

[1] Robert Cox's Actæon and Diana.

'*well, although your Father speaks so ill of you, yet when the Fair is done, if you will come and work with me, I will give you twelve pence a week more than I give any other Journey-man.*' . . . ." Certainly it would have been difficult for the more select audience of Holland House to pay him so delicate a tribute.

It is not the business of these pages to discuss Puritanism: we do not even intend to take a royal licence, and say, as Charles II. did, that Presbyterianism *is a religion not fit for a gentleman.* But there is food for reflection in the report, mentioned by Winstanley,[1] that "Lingua,"[2] representing a contention among the Five Senses for a crown, being once performed at Cambridge, Cromwell had therein the part of Tactus, and thence imbibed his ambitious sentiments, without which he might never have been in a position to suppress the stage. If we were inclined to moralize, we could take two chapters from Cromwell's life: his acting, and his actions; and, moralizing, we might wish he had not deserted the one for the other.

To return to the proprietors of Holland House. Robert, son of the first Earl of Holland, who

[1] Lives of English Poets. London, 1687.

[2] Probably written by Authony Brewer.

became second Earl of Holland, and afterwards, succeeding his cousin, became, in 1673, fifth Earl of Warwick, made Holland House his principal residence. Edward, his son and successor, married Charlotte, daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton, of Chirk Castle, and she was the Countess of Warwick who, on August 2nd, 1716, married Addison.

She had been a widow since 1701, and had devoted herself to the education of her young son, the Earl of Warwick. It is a disputed point whether or not Addison was his tutor, but it is no disputed point that he became the boy's stepfather.

Living at Chelsea, he was a country neighbour, which circumstance naturally facilitated his courtship, while Arcadian accompaniments may have graced it. The marriage was announced in "The Political State of Great Britain," for August, 1716, as follows:—

"About the Beginning of *August*, *Joseph Addison*, Esq; famous for many excellent Works, both in Verse and Prose, was married to the Right Honourable *Charlotte*, Countess of *Warwick*, Relict of *Edward* late Earl of *Warwick*, who died in 1701, and Mother to the present Earl, a Minor."

More interesting, though less matter of fact, are Rowe's Stanzas to Lady Warwick on Mr. Addison's

going to Ireland. In the course of the piece she is called "Chloe" and he "Lycidas." But we will only give our readers one stanza, the fourth, which certainly contains good advice:—

> "And since his Love does thine alone pursue,
> In Arts unpractis'd and unus'd to range;
> I charge thee be by his Example true,
> And shun thy Sex's Inclination, Change."

Johnson, who supposes—but there is good reason to think erroneously—that Addison wished to marry Lady Warwick from the first moment he was made known to the family, said of the event:

"This year (1716) he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, whom he had solicited by a very long and anxious courtship, perhaps with behaviour not very unlike that of Sir Roger to his disdainful widow; and who, I am afraid, diverted herself often by playing with his passion. . . . His advances at first were certainly timorous, but grew bolder as his reputation and influence increased; till at last the lady was persuaded to marry him, on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.' . . . "[1]

[1] Lives of the Poets. (Addison.)

That Addison and Lady Warwick did not lead a very comfortable life together is well known, and it has been tersely written: "Holland House, although a large house, could not contain Mr. Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and one guest, Peace." It is probable that the ill terms on which they lived hastened the end of Addison, who died of asthma and dropsy, at Holland House, on the 17th of June, 1719.

It must, however, be remembered that he left his fortune at the disposal of Lady Warwick, which we, like Sir James Mackintosh, consider "a proof either that they lived on friendly terms or that he was too generous to remember their differences."[1] At any rate, if he was not a devoted husband, he was a gallant man. Swift said of him that he was accustomed to "fair sex it," in allusion to his always taking into his view of everything the mode in which it affected the fair sex.

Addison left behind him a daughter, who died unmarried in his house at Bilton, in 1797. Although her name does not play a prominent part in the history of Holland House, yet as she was Addison's daughter, her very existence is interesting; and although her story is not an uncommon one, a men-

[1] Holland House MSS.

tion of it here may not be misplaced. Like many another poor gentlewoman, she died a spinster, and, like many another poor spinster, she was one against her will; at least, we infer as much from a letter we found at the British Museum, signed by [Mrs.] J. Corbet, and dated, "Burlington Street, May ye first, 1739." Mr. Kyet, a gentleman of embarrassed means, was an aspirant to Miss Addison's hand; and Mrs. Corbet says: ". . . . I doubt Miss A——'s temper will either give her self, or the Trustees, or both, some further uneasiness, for I take her earnestness for this match to proceed chiefly from her desire of marrying, she every day telling me that Mr. K——'s person is disagreeable to her, and she cannot be happy but with a Man whom she thinks handsome and is in Love with . . . . she says her full determination is to let ye Match go on, and if upon Mr. Kyet's visiting her at Bilton she cannot get rid of her aversion to his person, she will then give him her final denyal . . . ."[1] What a pity that so much valour should have remained unrewarded; what a pity that so much similar valour in the present day remains unrewarded still!

Macaulay, in a touching picture of Addison on his

[1] Egerton MS. No. 1974, f. 135.

death-bed, quotes the fact that he sent for Gay, and implored his forgiveness. For what? Gay could only conjecture. And Dr. Young, on Tickell's authority, has related how Addison sent for the youthful Lord Warwick to his bed-side and said, "See in what peace a Christian can die!"[1] And Walpole has written: "unluckily, he died of brandy."[2] But we would like to believe Dr. Young, and to think that the youth learnt such a solemn lesson; for he was early called upon to practise it; he died in 1721. Justice to his memory should, however, make us add that authorities do not all concur in thinking he specially needed the warning.

His cousin, William Edwardes, inherited the estates of the Rich family,[3] and was raised to the Irish Peerage, in 1776, as Baron Kensington. But before that date Holland House passed into other hands. In 1749 it was let on lease, at a rent of 182*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*, to Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, who bought it in 1767.

From about the time of the Restoration until the middle of the eighteenth century, Holland House appears to have been occasionally let; and some of

[1] Miss Aikin's Life of Addison. London, 1843. Vol. ii. chap. xiv.

[2] Letter to George Montagu, May 16, 1759.

[3] Burke's Peerage and Baronetage.

its tenants gave as much lustre to it as did some of its owners.

First in interest, probably, comes William Penn, who, according to a MS. by Sir James Mackintosh in Holland House, relates of himself that, during his residence here in James II.'s reign, he could scarcely make his way down the front steps of the house, through the crowds of suitors who besought him to use his good offices with the King for their advantage, and probably still oftener for their relief.[1]

Holland House had previously been inhabited by Sir John Chardin, the Persian traveller. His father was a French jeweller, but he himself attained to a high literary reputation. He verified the influence of climate upon man, and was the author of *Le Couronnement de Soliman II., roi de Perse, et ce qui s'est passé de plus mémorable dans les deux premières Années de son Règne*, and of the *Journal du Voyage de Chardin en Perse, et aux Indes orientales, par la Mer Noire et par la Colchide.* His style was admirably simple. Charles II. knighted him, and the day on which he received a title from the king, he shared it with a wife. We do not know the duration of his occupancy; but it must have immediately preceded Penn's, as there is an entry

[1] Holland House MSS.

in the Parish Register to the effect that Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Chardin and Lady Esther his wife, was born at Holland House on the 19th of September, 1685. Sir John Chardin died at Turnham Green, Chiswick, and a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

Atterbury the zealous Protestant, Dean of Westminster, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, had a link with Holland House through his daughter, Mrs. Morice, who inhabited it for a time after the death of Lord Warwick.[1] She used to write to Atterbury from Holland House, and kept a room for him there, which it does not seem certain he ever occupied. But his library, we know, was at Holland House. Mrs. Morice seems to have been a devoted daughter, for when Atterbury was sent into exile, she, like Ruth, saying, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," followed him. At Calais, ascertaining that Bolingbroke had just arrived there, and was preparing to embark for England, he exclaimed, "Then I am exchanged!"[2] Another link he had with Holland House: as Addison's old schoolfellow and warm friend, to him was awarded the sad

[1] Holland House MSS.

[2] Memoirs and Correspondence of Bishop Atterbury, by Folkestone Williams. London, 1849. Vol. i. chap. xiv.

privilege of performing the funeral service over the great man.

And we must not forget to mention Shippen, the Jacobite and honest man, of whom Pope says—

> "I love to pour out all myself, as plain,
> As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montaigne:
> In them, as certain to be loved as seen,
> The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;"[1]

and to whom Sir Robert Walpole contributes, if possible, a higher meed of praise by asserting that he would not say who was *corrupted*, but he would say who was *not corruptible*, and that man was Shippen.

Lechmere, the eminent Whig lawyer, afterwards Lord Lechmere, who, by a curious coincidence, took a part in the proceedings against Sacheverell and Atterbury, also, according to Sir James Mackintosh, inhabited Holland House.

Leigh Hunt and other authors mention other names; and there is doubtful evidence of one very illustrious occupant. According to the MS. of Sir James Mackintosh, from which we have already quoted, Van Dyck resided at Holland House for about two years, where he probably painted the fine portraits of

[1] Imitations of Horace.

the Earls of Warwick and Holland which were, at the time Mackintosh wrote, in the possession of Lord Breadalbane at Taymouth. The verification of this point would be interesting, not only in the history of Holland House, but also in that of Van Dyck; and with, we fear, great trouble to friends and even strangers, we tried to verify it. But Carpenter, in his Life of Van Dyck, does not mention the fact, and the authorities at the British Museum made energetic but fruitless researches. Meagre support to Sir James Mackintosh was to be found in Smith's *Catalogue raisonné*, to the effect that the portrait of Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, now in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch, was painted at Holland House, about the year 1635; and we hoped to find some writing on the canvas itself. The picture, by kind permission, was taken down, and examined carefully by the Director of the National Portrait Gallery, Mr. Scharf. But all to no purpose. No writing was to be found either on back or front. We may assume, if we like, that Van Dyck was received as an honoured guest at Holland House while he painted the portrait. Otherwise, we must leave the question obscure as we found it, but not without an acknowledgment to all who have aided us in our vain researches.

Some people in life attribute to themselves more

crédit for what they might have been than for what they are; and invest themselves with greater glory by hypothesis than they would ever have gained by any reality. In 1689, William III. came to look at Holland House with a view to making it his palace; but he preferred the house of the Earl of Nottingham. Thus it will be seen that Holland House had a narrow escape of becoming a royal residence, but it probably would not have derived more renown from such a circumstance than it has deserved without it.





CHAPTER II.

SIR STEPHEN FOX AND THE FIRST LORD HOLLAND.

THE portrait here given represents the founder of the Fox family, Sir Stephen Fox, father of the first Earl of Ilchester and of the first Baron Holland. Stephen Fox, who was born in 1627, is said to have belonged to the children's choir in Salisbury Cathedral. He was endowed, even in his youthful days, with a certain amount of that inexplicable power called charm, which attracted the notice, and thus gained him the protection, of Bishop Duppa. His next patron was the Earl of Northumberland's brother, Henry, Lord Percy, who entertained him in Paris after the battle of Worcester. Lord Percy was at that time Chamberlain of Charles's household;

and through him Stephen became known to the exiled king, after whom he named one of his sons, and in whose service he discharged various financial and confidential commissions. Indeed, he was the first person to announce the death of Cromwell to Charles II. We take the following from the "Memoirs



Sir Stephen Fox.

of the Life of Sir Stephen Fox," in the Grenville Library of the British Museum :—

". . . Mr. *Fox* received the News of that Monster's Death, six Hours before any Express reach'd *Brussels;* and while the King was playing at Tennis with the Archduke *Leopold*, *Don John*, and other *Spanish* Grandees, he very dutifully accosted his Majesty, upon the Knee, with the grateful Message; *and beg'd leave*

to call him really *King of* Great Britain, &c. *since he that had caus'd him to be only* Titularly *so, was no longer to be number'd among the Living;* which so ingratiated him afresh with that Prince, who received him with an Air of Pleasantry, that from thenceforward he was admitted into the King's most secret Thoughts, and was advised with more like a Privy Counsellor, than a Servant of an inferior Rank."

Slowly and surely, Stephen Fox found his way into royal confidence. On the settlement of the King's household, he was made First Clerk of the Green Cloth; he was soon afterwards appointed Paymaster to two newly raised regiments, and soon after that he was constituted Paymaster-General of all his Majesty's forces in England.[1] He is said by Evelyn, in whose quaint old diary he is very frequently mentioned, to have made a great fortune, "honestly got and unenvied; which is next to a miracle."[2] We may indeed echo the last sentiment; next to a miracle it certainly is for any one to pass unmolested by the monster Envy, on to any eminence whatsoever. Be it fortune, be it intelligence, be it virtue, hardly anything is high enough to be above Envy's reach.

[1] Collins's Peerage, by Sir E. Brydges. London, 1812. Vol. iv. p. 531.

[2] September 6th, 1680.

The fire-ordeal of a good heart, as well as of true friendship, is prosperity; and Stephen seems to have passed through prosperity unscathed, Evelyn remarking that his fortunes had not changed him, for he continued to be "as humble and ready to do a courtesy as ever he was."[1]

In 1665 he was knighted, and in 1679 constituted one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury and First Commissioner in the office of Master of the Horse.[2] Evelyn describing him says, "He is generous, and lives very honourably, of a sweet nature, well-spoken, well-bred, and is so highly in his Majesty's esteem, and so useful, that being long since made a knight, he is also advanced to be one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and has the reversion of the Cofferer's place after Harry Brouncker. He has married his eldest daughter to my Lord Cornwallis, and gave her £12,000, and restored that entangled family besides. He matched his son to Mrs. Trollop, who brings with her (besides a great sum) near, if not altogether, £2000 per annum. Sir Stephen's lady (an excellent woman) is sister to Mr. Whittle, one of the King's chirurgeons."

[1] September 6th, 1680.

[2] Collins's Peerage, by Sir E. Brydges. London, 1812. Vol. iv. p. 533.

In a word, never was man more fortunate than Sir Stephen; he is a handsome person, virtuous, and very religious."[1]

Evelyn, from the many entries made in his diary of dining with Sir Stephen, must have been a constant frequenter of his house; but the following particular entry proved that he was also a confidential friend and trusted adviser:—1681, *May 16th.*—"Came my Lady Sunderland, to desire that I would propose a match to Sir Stephen Fox for her son, Lord Spencer, to marry Mrs. Jane, Sir Stephen's daughter. I excused myself all I was able; for the truth is, I was afraid he would prove an extravagant man: for, though a youth of extraordinary parts, and had an excellent education to render him a worthy man, yet his early inclinations to extravagance made me apprehensive, that I should not serve Sir Stephen by proposing it, like a friend; this being now his only daughter, well bred, and likely to receive a large share of her father's opulence. . . . However, so earnest and importunate was the Countess, that I did mention it to Sir Stephen, who said that it was too great an honour, that his daughter was very young as well as my Lord, and he was resolved never to marry her without the parties' mutual liking; with other objections which I neither would nor could con-

[1] September 6th, 1680.

tradict. He desired me to express to the Countess the great sense he had of the honour done him, that his daughter and her son were too young; that he would do nothing without her liking, which he did not think her capable of expressing judiciously, till she was sixteen or seventeen years of age, of which she now wanted four years, and that I would put it off as civilly as I could."

But, amidst allusions to domestic events, which gain their interest by belonging to a public man, we must not lose sight of those greater actions which made him such.

He was one of the earliest projectors of Chelsea Hospital, having first purchased some grounds near the old college at Chelsea which had escheated to the Crown in the reign of King James I., and which that monarch intended for the residence and maintenance of Protestant divines. But the following extracts tell their tale in Evelyn's own words:—

1681, *September 14th.*—"Dined with Sir Stephen Fox, who proposed to me the purchasing of Chelsea College, which his Majesty had sometime since given to our Society, and would now purchase it again to build an hospital; or infirmary for soldiers there, in which he desired my assistance as one of the Council of the Royal Society."

1681-2, *January 27th.*—"This evening, Sir Stephen Fox acquainted me again with his Majesty's resolution of proceeding in the erection of a Royal Hospital for emerited soldiers on that spot of ground which the Royal Society had sold to his Majesty for £1300, and that he would settle £5000 per annum on it, and build to the value of £20,000, for the relief and reception of four companies, viz. 400 men, to be as in a college, or monastery. I was therefore desired by Sir Stephen (who had not only the whole managing of this, but was, as I perceived, himself to be a grand benefactor, as well it became him who had gotten so vast an estate by the soldiers) to assist him, and consult what method to cast it in, as to the government. . . . ."

It was thus that one philanthropic man materially aided in founding a magnificent institution, which has now grown into a monument of national gratitude.

The reason Sir Stephen assigned for his labours in this work was that *he could not bear to see the common soldiers, who had spent their strength in our service, to beg at our doors.*[1]

Whatever excuse he found for this splendid action, it is reasonable to suppose that he was generally

[1] Collins's Peerage, by Sir E. Brydges. London, 1812. Vol. iv. p. 532.

inclined to do good towards his neighbours, for Chelsea Hospital is by no means his only noble achievement. He founded almshouses, built hospitals and places of worship, and embarked in many good works, as may be seen by a reference to Collins's Peerage.[1] It is edifying to look upon a picture of real philanthropy, especially when, as in the case of Sir Stephen, it is not allowed to interfere with the discharge of public duties.

Sir Stephen's political career extended through several reigns. He held office under Charles II., James II., William III., and Queen Anne. He was one of those whom, in 1692, King James excepted by name from his proffered pardon. He sat in several Parliaments, and, notwithstanding Court pressure, voted against the impeachment of the Earl of Clarendon. He died in 1716 at his villa at Chiswick. Ninety years later, his grandson, Charles James Fox, died in the same place.

Sir Stephen was twice married, and left nine sons and three daughters. We may here draw attention to the fact that when he married his second wife, in 1703, he was seventy-six years old. Two of the children by this marriage were respectively created Earl of Ilchester and Baron

[1] By Sir E. Brydges. London, 1812. Vol. iv. p. 532.

Holland. The latter title was chosen by the first Fox proprietor of Holland House, which will account for a Baron Holland appearing in the place of an Earl of Holland without any relationship existing between the families of Rich and Fox. But it is a curious coincidence that upon Sir Stephen Fox, who had nothing to do with Holland House, was bestowed one of the bearings of the Rich's—a *fleur de lis* in a canton—". . . . in consideration of his good and faithful services,[1] Sir Edward Walker, then Garter, principal King of arms, by his Majesty's command, granted to him, and his heirs, an honourable augmentation to his arms out of the royal ensigns and devices, viz. *in a canton Azure, a Fleur de Lis, Or;* as by a special instrument, under his hand and seal, appeareth, dated at Brussels, November 23d, 1658."[2] Perhaps, indeed, the person who traced the original heraldic employment of ermine to the coats of skins given by the Creator to our first parents, would have found more than a mere coincidence in this fact.

The following advice from Lady Fox (widow of

[1] According to tradition, it appears that the "good and faithful services" were a loan of £5,000*l.*, which was never repaid.

[2] Collins's Peerage of England, by Sir E. Brydges. London, 1812. Vol. iv. p. 530.

Sir Stephen) to her children is recorded by Henry Fox in a quaintly written memorandum :—

MEMORANDUM.[1]

My dear Mamma died on ye 21st of February, 171⅘ and a fortnight afore she died, calling us all about her, with a mild air, she said My Dears will ye be good? I am now a going to leave you, and entreat you to serve and be constant in your Duty towards him. Then taking off all that mildness, she assumed a more than ordinary majestick air, and directing her discourse chiefly to my Brother said, I don't only desire you, but command you to be good, serve God, never let slip the least opportunity of doing any good to your fellow Creatures, for although you are bless'd with a good Estate, yet never carry yourself haughtily to, or think yourself above others. Don't be a Fop, don't be a Rake, mind on your name *Stephen* Fox, that I hope will keep you from being wicked, Think on your name, t'will even fly in your face, and say did your father do so? Think on all his virtues and follow y^m^. Love your Brother I charge you,

[1] Taken from a copy, at Holland House, of a document in the possession of Lord Ilchester.—In quoting from old books or MSS., we have generally retained the eccentric orthography and punctuation of the originals.

Stephen. I charge you all love one another. You have Enemy's enough make not one another so. You will have too many Stephen that will flock about you, court you fawn upon you, these are your worst Enemy's take care of y^m. You Harry having a less fortune won't be subject to so many temptations, but withstand those you have when you grow up, take care and avoid ill company, if you don't you are gone, for by y^t many young Men are ruin'd, from thence come all ye vices y^t Youth is apt to fall into. Then you'll learn to swear, to drink to rake about, to game, and at last be ruined by those, you unhappily think your Friends. Don't affect, or think it genteel or a pretty thing to be a Rake, for if you are wicked what will your Estate signifye, you'd be the most despicable thing, to all but y^m who are either such Rogues as to flatter you in it, or so vile themselves as to approve it. Be humble, obliging and obey your Trustees and tho' they may have failings never laugh at them, take their advice in everything, mind what they say to you, whilst you are at school, tho' you may find a great many inconveniences bear with y^m. W^n you come of age don't be conceited or self sufficient, don't think yourself above advice, for y^n you'd want it most. If as I believe you will you lodge with Mr. Fenn submit your judgement to his, obey

him. Now I have said all I can think of now. Let me only tell you when I am gone, it will show your Love or hate to me, as you obey or disobey these my instructions.

H. Fox.

Of Stephen, the son who is first separately addressed in the foregoing memorandum, and who subsequently became Earl of Ilchester, we need not just now speak, he never having owned the house which forms the subject of the present work, and not having even been brought up in it. Our concern is with his younger brother, Henry, ultimately Lord Holland, but familiarly known in those days as "Harry Fox." He was the first of his name who owned Holland House.

Henry Fox was born in 1705, and was educated at Eton with Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. In those days, as in these, companionship at school was often a prelude to rivalry in the State; men in their boyhood learning together how to outwit each other. Fox and Pitt were early rivals; their point in common was their classical knowledge; everything else was a point in contrast. But the most peculiar feature in their rivalry is that it descended to a later generation.

Henry Fox entered his parliamentary career as member for Hendon (Wilts) in 1735; and, at the beginning of his political life, was partisan of Sir Robert Walpole, whom he idolized. He filled several offices more or less important. In 1737 he was Surveyor-General of his Majesty's Board of Works; in the Parliament summoned to meet June 25, 1741, he represented Windsor; and in 1743 he was made one of the Commissioners of the Treasury. In 1746 he became Secretary at War, and we may here mention that he held the appointment until 1756, when he was succeeded by his old school-fellow, Pitt.

An interesting episode in his parliamentary career is his violent opposition to the Marriage Act in 1753. The Marriage Act was directed against clandestine marriages, and Henry Fox's opposition was natural; for, had the Act passed, his own marriage would have been annulled.

The task of drawing the Bill had fallen to Lord Hardwicke, the Chancellor; and Charles Yorke, his son (we learn from Horace Walpole[1]), blamed the violence of Fox's attacks upon Lord Hardwicke, exclaiming, "It is new in parliament, it is new in

[1] Memoirs of the last Ten Years of George the Second. London, 1822. Vol. i. p. 296.

politics, it is new in ambition;" . . . . Fox replied: "Is it new in Parliament to be conscientious? I hope not! Is it new in politics? I am afraid it is! Is it new in ambition? it certainly is, to attack such authority!"

Coxe[1] says that in the course of his harangue, he held up a copy of the Bill, in which he had marked the alterations with red ink; and on the observation of the Attorney-General, "How bloody it looks!" he retorted: "Thou canst not say *I* did it. Look what a rent the *learned* Casca made;" (pointing to the Attorney-General). "Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed," (alluding to Mr. Pelham).

In 1755 Henry Fox was appointed Secretary of State, the Duke of Newcastle being First Lord of the Treasury. But they disagreed, and Fox asked the King's permission to resign, which he was allowed to do. There had been considerable discussion as to Fox's position. The following letters show that it was not intended he should have the actual management of affairs in the House of Commons, and that he did not care for merely nominal power.

[1] Memoirs of the Pelham Administration. London, 1829. Vol. ii. p. 266.

Mr. Fox to the Duke of Newcastle, March the 14th, 1754 :[1]—

"My Lord Duke,

"As Your Grace is to wait upon His Majesty this Morning, I must lose no time to desire Your Grace would not Acquaint the King that I have Accepted of the Office of Secretary of State. But if His Majesty has already been Acquainted of my Acceptance of it, Your Grace will, I hope, tell His Majesty that I purpose with the Utmost Submission to beg His Majesty's Leave to decline it.

"It is impossible that His Majesty could think of raising me to so exalted a Station but with a design that I should with and *Under* Your Grace, have the Management of His Affairs in the House of Commons. This was the whole Tenor of Your Grace's Messages to me by Lord Hartington, which Your Grace's Conferences with Lord Hartington and me Yesterday morning, and with Lord Hartington last night, have totally Contradicted. Unable therefore to answer what I dare say is His Majesty's Expectations, (tho' Your Grace has frankly declar'd it not to be Yours) that I should be answerable for His Majesty's Affairs in the House of Commons,

[1] Holland House MSS.

I beg leave to Remain where I am, heartily wishing Success to His Majesty's Affairs, and Contributing all that shall be in the Power of a single Man towards it. . . ."

[*An endorsement on the foregoing letter states that Lord Hartington saw it before it went, said there was not a word too much, and that he would justify it everywhere; also that Mr. Fox asked nothing, the messages and promises to him were voluntary.*]

Letter from H. Fox, delivered to the King by Lord Waldegrave, Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1754:—

"SIR,

"Infinitely thankfull for Your Majesty's Command receiv'd by Ld Waldegrave to explain myself in writing; I must begin by humbly asking Pardon for having mistaken Your Majesty. I now understand Your Majesty do's not intend to have any Leader in the House of Commons and I receive Your Majesty's Pleasure on this head with all that Duty and Submission that becomes me. What Your Majesty requires, I understand, is that on all occasions as well not relative as relative to the Army, I should act with Spirit in support of Your Majesty's Service in the H. of Commons; And, Your Majesty bids me put in writing what will enable me to obey these y^r^ Commands.

"Thinking then no more of taking the Lead; but of obeying Your Majesty's Commands only, I answer—That, in the present State of the H. of Commons, I desire no Change of Employment, no pecuniary Advantage, but some such Mark only of Your Majesty's Favour as may enable me to speak like one well inform'd and honour'd with Your Majesty's Confidence in regard to the Matters I may be speaking of. This then, Sir, is what I desire, and can desire for no other purpose than to enable me to attempt what You command, confining myself to Your Majesty's own Views, and to the very manner Your Majesty shall command me to pursue them in.

"I am, &c. &c. &c."[1]

"*December* 12*th*, 1754.

"It is the King's Pleasure, that Lord Waldegrave should acquaint Mr. Fox, that His Majesty is graciously pleased to condescend to His Request of being admitted into His Cabinet Council: But that, in order to avoid future Difficulties, and Inconveniences, His Lordship should acquaint Mr. Fox, that this Advancement to the Cabinet Council, is not intended, by the King, in the least, to interfere

[1] Holland House MSS.

with, or derogate from, the Priority, belonging to His Majesty's Secretary of State in the House of Commons; And that It is not His Majesty's Intention, to confer any Power, or Confidence, independent of such Ministers, as His Majesty shall think fit to entrust with the Conduct of His Affairs."[1]

Fox gives an interesting account of his position after his resignation in the following letter to his friend Peter Collinson:—

"Holland House, *Nov.* 24, 1756.

"Friend Peter,

"I certainly did not resign with any view to make confusion and disturbance, and very great People know that before I did resign, if confusion was to be the consequence, I had promis'd to go on one sessions more with the Duke of Newcastle but it was not thought worth while to ask me, nor was I ever ask'd.

"I will now support all public measures and use my best endeavours to procure a quiet sessions. I will strenuously defend the late ministry, even where I have not been concern'd with them. And whatever else my Enemies may say they shall own I am an honest Man. You will hear it complain'd of that I chuse an honest friend of mine, against

[1] Holland House MSS.

a dishonest friend of Legge's at Stockbrige. But surely this is no hurt to the publick, and will do good if it abates the too great Pride of these new Ministers. I shall be very glad to see you in the meantime, but I go to Town on Tuesday.

"Yrs ever,

"H. Fox."[1]

In 1757, the Duke of Newcastle and Pitt coalescing, Fox was appointed Paymaster of the Forces, and held the office until 1765. Meanwhile he had been made Clerk of the Pells, in Ireland, the appointment being granted for his own life and that of his two sons. He acquired a considerable fortune as Paymaster of the Forces, and was denounced in an address of the citizens of London as the defaulter of unaccounted millions. More humorously, if less practically, was he attacked in the *New Foundling Hospital for Wit*, at the time of Wolfe's death:—

"All conqu'ring cruel death, more hard than rocks,
Thou should'st have spar'd the *Wolfe* and took the *Fox*."[2]

The fault of one may not excuse the delinquency of another, but when a fault is common to very many, it is perhaps the less to be noticed in the individual.

[1] British Museum. Add. MS. 28558. I.

[2] Notes and Queries, May 5, 1866.

In fact, identity loses itself in repetition. Without libelling any particular names, we may say that public accounts in those days were kept with a very slack hand. And, supposing Henry Fox was singled out as a worshipper of money, it may have been for the sake of contrasting him with Chatham, who had no regard for it. But if we must believe all we read, avarice was not Fox's only fault. Lord Chesterfield accuses him of having no fixed principles of religion or morality, and of being imprudent enough to expose this deficiency; which, however, may not have been a more just accusation than that of avarice: an *accusation* oddly coupled with the *fact* that he was charitable!

In 1764 Fox, by that time Lord Holland, went to Paris, where he fell ill. He never wholly recovered; and friendship consoled itself in anticipation for his loss by speculating upon his successor. Gilly Williams writes to George Selwyn on Friday, January 4, 1765:

". . . . We dine to-morrow at Charles Townshend's. What he is now I know not, but the last time we saw him he had no acrimony in him, but seemed rather looking towards the Pay Office, which, I suppose, Lord Holland will soon quit, either by a natural or political death. . . . ."[1]

[1] J. H. Jesse: George Selwyn and his Contemporaries.

On resigning the Pay Office, which he was forced to do by the Grenville Ministry,[1] he went abroad, spending some time in France and Italy, and returning to England in 1768, where his health gradually declined.

As a public man he was exposed to enmity, but he himself was a true friend. If suspected, he was at least unsuspicious. And here we can give him our pity as well as our admiration, for, like many other unsuspicious people, he was more than once taken in. Witness, for instance, his so-called friend Mr. Rigby, whose conduct elicited from Fox a versified rebuke, in the sentiment of Cæsar's *Et tu, Brute?*

". . . White-liver'd Grenville, and self-loving Gower
Shall never cause one peevish moment more;
Not that *their* spite required I should repair
To southern climates and a warmer air,
Slight was the pain *they* gave, and short it's date,
I found I could not both despise and hate.
But, Rigby, what did I for *thee* endure?
Thy serpent's tooth admitted of no cure;
Lost converse never thought of without tears!
Lost promised hope of my declining years! . . ."

(*Lord Holland returning from Italy.*[2])

[1] Russell's Life and Times of C. J. Fox. Vol. i. chap. i.

[2] Small collection of Poems by the 1st Lord Holland, Holland House Library.

He had his poet's corner in the *Annual Register*; but probably his poetical excellence lay in his *Vers de Société*.

Here is a sample, contained in a letter to George Selwyn from Naples on the 17th of March, 1767:—

". . . . As soon as I read the news of Lord Carlisle's arrival in England, the Ode in Horace beginning *Lydia, dic per omnes*, came into my head. I send you my imitation of it, which this post carries to Lady Sarah. Pray show it Mr. Walpole, and, with Lord Carlisle's leave, to anybody. *Indeed*, I do not expect compliments, but I am not ashamed of it, for consider it is wrote by a sick old woman near her grand climacteric; for such indeed is your faithful and forgotten friend,

"HOLLAND.

"IMITATION OF AN ODE IN HORACE.

"'Lydia, dic per omnes,' &c.

"*To Lady Sarah Bunbury.*

I.

"Sally, Sally, don't deny,
But, for God's sake, tell me why
You have flirted so, to spoil
That once lively youth, Carlisle?
He used to mount while it was dark,
Now he lies in bed till noon;
And you not meeting in the park,
Thinks that he got up too soon.

II.

"Manly exercise and sport,
Hunting and the tennis-court,
And riding-school no more divert:
Newmarket does, for there you flirt!
But why does he no longer dream
Of yellow Tyber and its shore;
Of his friend Charles's favourite scheme,
On waking, think no more?

III.

"Why does he dislike an inn?
Hate post-chaises, and begin
To think 'twill be enough to know
His way from Almack's to Soho?
Achilles thus kept out of sight
For a long time; but this dear boy
(If, Sally, you and I guess right,)
Will never get to Troy."[1]

That he was epigrammatic, may be seen by some of his verses; that he was ready, may be known from some of his extempore prose. An answer of his to Lord Bute is admirable. Lord Bute had fixed upon Fox as the ablest leader he could find to defend the Peace of Paris; and, deserting the Duke of Cumberland, with whom he was then connected, Fox again became Secretary of State. After he had stipulated for an earldom as the reward of his success, and a barony only was given him, he re-

[1] J. H. Jesse: George Selwyn and his Contemporaries.

proached Lord Bute for such a breach of faith. "It was only a pious fraud," said Lord Bute. Said Fox: "I perceive the fraud, my Lord, but not the piety."[1]

According to Chesterfield, Fox was, as a debater, singularly inelegant and even disagreeable; but he had wonderful tact, by which he could discern when to press a question, and when to yield it. More than tact, however, he possessed heart; and while his genial flow of animal spirits enlivened his friends, his affectionate disposition endeared him to his family.

As we are upon the subject of his family, something should be said about his marriage, which was probably a nine days' wonder to the world. A mutual love existed between him and Lady Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. Of course, his addresses were rejected by the parents, whose virtuous indignation we can picture to ourselves being vented in "Who is this Harry Fox?" How the fashionable matrons must have whispered and tittered! How the loungers about town

[1] Russell's Life and Times of C. J. Fox. Vol. i. chap. i.—Walpole (Memoirs of the Reign of George III., chap. xvii.) and Stanhope (History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht, chap. xli.) give the *bon mot* in almost the same words, but introduce it under somewhat different circumstances.

must have speculated upon the reports! How the worldly girls must have looked on and wondered, perhaps with a secret joy at the prospect of getting rid of a formidable competitor! And, amidst the disposal of them by the public, the young people, acting upon their own counsel, were secretly married in the beginning of May 1744!

Lady Caroline's father, thinking, perhaps upon the principle of that simple abstract property of matter called impenetrability, that a desirable suitor might displace the undesirable one, had arranged for such an one to be formally introduced to her; but she, with more wilfulness than vanity, took a step to frustrate the intended result of the interview, if not to frighten her father entirely out of trying her with it. Before the hour appointed, she had cut off her eyebrows! In such a state of things, half a loaf, or even a far larger proportion of the measure, could scarcely be called better than no bread: it was more desirable for her not to be seen at all, than to be seen short of eyebrows. So she was left to herself; and she utilized her solitude to facilitate her elopement.

According to the custom of the world, the announcement of a marriage calls forth letters of congratulation. After the announcement of this one, however, the

nolens volens father-in-law became the recipient of sundry letters of condolence, the originals of which letters are at Holland House. Foremost in interest, we choose one from Mr. Pelham :—

"ARLINGTON STREET, *Tuesday*, 8 *o'clock*.
[*8th May*, 1744.]

"MY DEAR LORD,

"When the Duke of Newcastle told me at the House of Lords, what had happen'd in your family, I was as much surpris'd and concern'd as the nearest friend or relation you have in the world. I could not let you go into the country without telling you so; Be assured, nothing that belongs to me shall ever countenance, what you so justly call the highest disobedience. I have too much of the *Father* not to feel for you, and too much of the friend, to dwell long upon a subject that must give you the greatest uneasiness for whom, My Dear Lord Duke, no one can have a more sincere friendship love and Regard than your faithfull and affectionate

"H. PELHAM."

A letter from Lord Lincoln, exculpating his sister and himself from having taken any part in the affair, is also worthy of notice :—

"WHITEHALL, *May* 12, 1744.

"MY LORD,

"As I have heard with ye greatest uneasiness and concern imaginable, y^t^ y^r^ Grace and my L^y^ Dutchess have had some suspicion of my sister and myself being in some degree concerned in ye unhappy affair y^t^ has lately happen'd; I thought it both incumbent upon me for ye regard I have to my own character, for ye hopes of ye continuance of y^r^ Grace's friendship and for ye love I have to my sister, to give you y^t^ trouble, in order to remove any mistaken notions y^t^ may have been falsly and villanously reported to y^r^ Grace. What! my Lord, cou'd you have so much as a thought, cou'd you think me so forgetful of every obligation I own I have to you, so totally abandon'd, as to break through all ye ties of friendship's honour, which I must inevitably have done, had I in any ways been accessory to y^t^ unfortunate imprudent marriage; it hurts me more y^n^ I can express to have ye Duke of Richmond even suspect me, I must suppose (for it can be nothing else) y^t^ my intimacy with Mr. Fox has been ye occasion of my being suspected, y^t^ I have been very intimate with Mr. Fox my Lord is most certainly true, that he has talk'd to me of w^t^ all ye world saw is as true, and y^t^ I have all ways

advis'd him against it is true upon my word; but indeed my Lord, I can't help saying, y^t^ he has given me a stronger proof of his friendship, in never proposing anything to me, which he knew in honour I cou'd not comply with, y^n^ y^r^ Grace has, in thinking me capable of doing, what he, tho' his own interest was so much at stake, thought me incapable of. In regard to my sister my Lord, she has assured me over and over y^t^ she was entirely ignorant of ye whole transaction, y^t^ Lady Caroline indeed had often talk'd to her upon ye subject, but trusted her with nothing, and never so much as ever hinted of doing anything without y^r^ Grace and my L^y^ Dutchess's consent, she has been very much and justly concernd, at L^y^ Caroline's coming immediately to her when she left y^r^ Grace's house, for fear y^t^ such a step as y^t^, might make y^r^ Grace imagine y^t^ she was in ye secret, when in her own conscience she knew she was innocent: y^t^ she is so, I do believe from ye bottom of my heart, that I am so, I hope y^r^ Grace will do me justice to believe. I am with ye greatest truth and sincerity y^r^ Grace's most obedient and humble servant

"LINCOLN."

And there is a letter from Lord Ilchester, brother of the delinquent, also exculpating him-

self from having taken any part in the marriage; and, thinking he has not said enough, he adds: "What I say of myself is equally true with regard to Lady Ilchester; she has been in no consultations nor in any degree privy to this affair, pray my Lord Duke, assure my Lady Duchess of this truth, and of my utmost respects."

It is the old story, human nature trying to shield itself; and if La Rochefoucauld is right in saying that we have all strength enough to bear our friends' misfortunes, the friends who on this occasion hid their strength beneath the cloak of sympathy, perhaps added hypocrisy to their other characteristics. In fact, the collection from which we have quoted contains much food for the satirist.

Fortunately, there is another and a happier side to the picture. Charles Hanbury Williams was a wit, a statesman, a diplomatist. But, more than all that, he was a true friend, and the two following letters from him may be read not only for the amusement they afford, but also for the heartiness they show:—

"WEDNESDAY, [*May* 9, 1744.]

"Ever since we parted I have thought of nothing but you. I wish you and Lady Caroline all the happiness Love and Friendship have to give. For

believe me, Dear Fox, nobody, but Lady Caroline can love you better than I do.

"I went to the Opera last night. And from the box I was in saw the news of your match run along the front boxes exactly like fire in a train of Gunpowder. Dayrolle set fire to it with tears in his eyes. And I must do Lady Caroline Fitzroy the justice to say she look'd the most pleas'd with it of any body—*Turno tempus erit.*

"The Duke of Richmond has put off the Ball that was to have been there to night and He and the Duchess go this morning to Goodwood. The Rage of His and Her Grace is very high and I hear intend making a point that nobody that visits them shou'd visit you. And I know that he has already sent to Mr. Pelham, and insisted that neither Miss Pelham nor Lady Lucy Clinton should see L^y^ Caroline. They are in great distress at this message, at this unreasonable message. For why should Mr. Pelham chuse his Party between two people he loves in an affair in which He can be no way concernd.

"I could tell you much more. They are very angry with the D: of Marl: and me. I was spoke to about it, and said, whatever I had done was in consequence of our friendship which was the thing

in the world I was proudest of. And that nothing should ever make me repent doing what you desir'd me, Because you cou'd not ask me to do anything wrong.

"Horace Walpole came up into the Box where I was at the Opera, and told me he had heard the news and that He understood twas made a point of by the D: and D^{ss} for their friends not to visit you and that therefore he desir'd to know the first moment He might pay his compliments to L^{y} Caroline and yourself and that He wou'd do it.

"Great endeavours are us'd to make Mr. Pelham angry. I never advise, but had you not better come to town for an hour and see him. I find Blood Royal has the greatest weight against your match —I send this By Daniel—And all I desire is to know how you and L^{y} Caroline do. And whether you'd have me write whatever I hear. I am to you and her,

"A most sincere and faithfull servant,

"C. HANBURY WILLIAMS."

[*May* 15, 1744.]

"MY DEAR FOX,

"Time that overcomes, eats up, or buries, all things Has not as yet made the least impression upon the Story Of the Loves of Henry Fox

and Caroline. It still lives grows and flourishes under the Patronage of their Graces of Newcastle and Grafton, and Mr. Pelham. But in spite of them the Town grows cool and will take the tender Lovers' parts.

"L[d] Carteret diverts himself with this. He says he was call'd up by the Duke of Newcastle to him by the D: of Dorset, as he was going thro' the rooms at Kensington, and told that they two were talking upon this most unfortunate affair, and that they shou'd make no secret of it to him, that they were both greatly affected with it. Upon this says Carteret: I thought our fleets or our armys were beat, or Mons betrayed into the hands of the French. At last it came out that Harry Fox was married, which I knew before. This says He was the Unfortunate affair. This was what he was concernd about. Two people to neither of which he was any relation were married against their Parents' consent. And this Man is Secretary of State!

"This Story L[d] Carteret told L[d] Orford who has told it everybody! and Winnington also scatters it much. There is not a soul that does not laugh at it.

"There was a warm dispute about it at White's two days ago between the Dukes of Grafton and Devonshire, where the former was a Tearing the

whole to pieces, and the latter defending it, particularly your part and mine in it.

"But nobody has done Lady Caroline more justice than Miss Pelham. She says she is her friend and cant give her up. She speaks well of her and you to those that dont like it. Answers all their objections; and particularly upon its being said you was no Gentleman, She reply'd thus, 'Upon that 'head, I will appeal to the company, whether if Lord 'Ilchester had been unmarried and had offer'd him-'self to the D: of R——'s daughter the D: and 'D^ss wou'd not have jump'd at the Match and How 'Mr. Fox comes to be a worse Gentleman than L^d 'Ilchester I cant tell.'

"As to Dayrolles I can get nothing out of Lincoln but that he is extremely concern'd and wears a Countenance more of Sorrow than of anger, and hopes and wishes things may be made up.

"The Duke of Marlbro' still continues to be violently attack'd and the King violently angry. I wish when you come to town on Thursday morning you wou'd come a little earlier than you intended and call here for half an hour before you see Mr. Pelham.

"Tis incredible how full Mr. Pelham still continues to be of this affair. He was at Lord Orford's to talk it all over again to a very inattentive Hearer, Hç.

talked with great warmth and the Other Listened with great coldness and cant comprehend that this nation is undone because Lady Caroline Lenox is married to Mr. Fox, but Mr. Pelham was so full of it that coming out of Lord Orford's Room he met Lady Mary and took her by the hand and cry'd out (as if he was never to have seen her again) God bless you child God preserve you. I suppose he meant from Harry Legge. Now as Winnington says what is all this?

"I forgot to say that among other things Miss Pelham said at the end of her discourse I am now in other Peoples power and must obey them but I shall soon be my own mistress and then I'll please myself.—'Twould have been injustice to have left this out. I am glad she said it, and I think Lady Caroline will be glad to hear it,—and that I shall be more glad of.

"I have no mind to begin another sheet, but promise you I wont say much more, and should not write on If twas not to tell you that after two days carefull intuition and observation, I do think, If happiness Is a blessing on Earth you have made a very *prudent* Choice I repeat it again in defiance of all the World a very *prudent* Choice. And again —I say Lady Caroline has more Propriety about her

than any Woman I ever saw, I have read as a Maxim somewhere that Every Man has just as much Vanity as He wants of understanding. I would subjoin another to it of the Females, and Say Every Woman has just as much affectation as She wants of Propriety. Your Good sense and your Good nature (its true) will be well employd for life, You have the properest object for 'em in your arms who had Sense enough to distinguish your merit and Love enough to prefferr it to all things and all people. I am so satisfy'd (and believe and dont think me impertinent when I say I thought myself much concernd in your marriage) . . . .

"I beg once more I may see you before you see Mr. Pelham, tis necessary for us both. . . ."

We may conclude that whatever steps Henry Fox took in the matter last referred to, they were right steps. For Mr. Pelham, who according to MSS. in Holland House had in 1743 addressed him as "Dear Sr," and "Dear Fox," before the end of 1744 calls him "Dear Harry."

"Claremont, *Sept. 2nd* [1744].

"Dear Harry,

"You should not have had the trouble of a second letter, if I had receiv'd your former,

time enough to have answerd it by ye post, but in reality I had not that, which you directed to London, above an hour before the last, which I receivd by a messenger. I am always glad to hear you are happy, tho' idle, a quality I can never disapprove of, it being so agreeable to my own nature. I heartily wish you good sport and entertainment att Lord Ilchester's, to whom I desire my best respects, and for whom I have a most sincere regard. Now: I will own to you, I was a little surpris'd at neither seeing you the day we adjourn'd, nor the day we met, and as our Brothers Compton and Gybbon were also absent, it had not a clear look, but that is over, and they will both be in town the next February day. I am in too great a hurry here to discharge my political budget, you will see *Winnington*, who will tell you all I know, and pretty much what I think, for I have been frank enough to him, I hope he will tell you also all he knows, a to what he thinks, I am not sure he can, but upon the whole, he talks well to me, I suppose he does so to *others*, for he has many opportunitys. I will detain you no longer but to tell you your friend L—— s well, he pretends to be much in haste, I hope he wont be overtaken, but probably by the time you

come to London, he will be in Vinculis. I am, Dear Harry your most affectionate and faithfull servt,

"H. PELHAM."

As for Lady Caroline's parents, they did at last what they ought to have done at first: forgave. But they only did it in 1748, after the birth of Stephen, Lady Caroline's eldest son.

A letter to Lady Caroline, signed by the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, may not unworthily close the little romance. In spite of its sternness, it has a touching pathos; and a quaint freshness in spite of its old-fashioned guise:—

"WHITEHALL, *Saturday*, 26 *March* [1748].

"MY DEAR CAROLINE,

"Altho' the same reason for my displeasure with you, exists now, as much, as it did the day you offended me, and that the forgiving you is a bad example to my other Children, yett they are so young, that was I to stay till they were setled the consequence might in all likelyhood be that wee should never see you so long as wee lived, which thoughts our hearts could not bear. So the conflict between reason and nature is over, and the

tenderness of parents has gott the better, and your Dear Mother and I have determin'd to see and forgive both you and Mr. Fox. This change is not sudden, but has been long growing in her breast and myne. And I must fairly own to you, she conquer'd her resentment sooner than I could myne, for tis not easy to bring oneself to forgive the almost greatest injury that could have been done to one, however love for a child may bring that to bear which nothing else can. I dont mean by this that I have any more difficulty in forgiving Mr. Fox, for in your situation I must forgive both, or neither, butt I mean that this proof of our affection to you two, should never bring us into any connection with those base vile people that have been the abettors of your undutifullness to us. For I shall ever look upon them in the most despicable light, and make no more secret now than I have heretofore of my thoughts upon them. I must now tell you that since your offence, the Decency of your behaviour, and Mr. Fox's, has in generall pleas'd us, and particularly in not employing medling and officious people that have nothing to do in our familly affairs, to intercede for you. Yett I believe you have attempted two ways neither of them do I blame you for. One was by my Lady

Dowager Cadogan, who is the only person living, I allow to have the least pretence of authority over us in familly concerns. Notwithstanding which *I* would not at first listen to what she very earnestly asked of us in your favour. I own the highest respect and even duty to her is due from me, butt I could not thinke she had any more right to tell me how far I was to carry my resentment to my children, than I should have to tell Mr. Fox how he should behave in the like circumstances to his, which I should never thinke I had the least right to do. However I am very far from blameing you as I have already say'd for trying to be reconciled to us by her means, as it was the most decent as well as the most likely way to succeed, and your Dear mother's duty and love to my Lady Cadogan was constantly the first and strongest argument that work'd upon her, and made her wish to oblige her Mother in a thing she had so much at heart, and only waited for my aprobation of it. Butt I shall now plainly tell you that the other way that was attempted instead of bringing on the reconciliation very much retarded it, from the manner twas done in, and the arguments used upon it. I own it raised indignation, and entirely stifled the inclination I then had to forgive. And this from two people as near, and

at least as dear to me as yourself. I mean my Lord and Lady Kildare,[1] who instead of makeing entreatys, were pleas'd to tell your mother that wee *ought* to forgive you, and were blamed by the world, and by themselves for not doing it, which was a language I would hear from nobody, and indeed when they saw how it was received, they did not thinke fitt to repeat it. And I assure you my reconcilement to you has been defer'd upon this account, for I will have both them and yourselves know that it proceeds from the tenderness arising in our own breasts for you, and not from their misjudg'd aplication. And if you My Dear Caroline, and Mr. Fox look upon it as an obligation, tis to your Mother and me, and in some degree to my Lady Cadogan, but to no mortall else that you owe it. One thing more of the greatest consequence to the future hapiness of my familly I must mention and recomend to you, which is that I trust to Mr. Fox's honor, probity, and good sense, as well as to yours, that your conversation ever hereafter with any of my children espetially with my dear March may be such as not to lead them to thinke children independent of their parents. Wee long to see your dear inocent Child, and that has not a little contri-

[1] The Duke of Richmond's son-in-law and daughter.

buted to our present tenderness for you. I chose to write this long letter that you might be fully inform'd of my mind before I saw you, and that when wee have that pleasure there may not be any talke or Altercation whatever upon past events, which would be infinitely disagreeable to us all, instead of which, when wee meet let our affection be mutual, and you may be sure that our seeing you is a proof of the sincerity of ours. So My Dear child, You and Mr. Fox may come here at the time that shall be setled by yourselves with my Lord Ilchester, and be both received in the arms of an affectionate father and mother.

"RICHMOND; &c.

"SA: RICHMOND &c."

At any rate, the rebellious daughter was not a resentful one. After the death of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, she, with what we would call filial piety, acted like a second mother to her fourth sister, the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox; and it was at Holland House that her youngest sister, Lady Cecilia Lennox, died of consumption.

Lady Caroline Fox was created Baroness Holland in 1762, and in 1763 Mr. Fox was raised to the peerage as Baron Holland, of Foxley, Wilts. His

wish to be made a peer is expressed in a letter to George Selwyn, written from Aubigny, and dated October 5, 1763:—". . . I sent Betty a present by Lord Bateman, which he tells me she received very graciously indeed. She advised me against going into the House of Lords, and so did you; and very wisely, if I retained any further views of ambition. But it was to cut up that by the root, and with that intention, and, after deliberation with that intention, that I did it; and Lady Caroline and I find great reason now to be glad that it was done. . . ."[1]

It may be as well to explain that the "Betty" Lord Holland here speaks of was Lady Elizabeth Howard, sister of the Earl of Carlisle.

The true love of Lord Holland and his wife, conducted in a somewhat unusual way, was prolonged to a somewhat unusual length: Lord Holland died at Holland House, on the 1st of July, 1774, at the age of sixty-nine, and his widow only survived him twenty-three days. She was born in 1723.

Lord Holland's dying injunction about Selwyn—"If Mr. Selwyn calls again, let him in; if I am alive, I shall be very glad to see him, and if I

[1] J. H. Jesse: George Selwyn and his Contemporaries.

am dead, he will be very glad to see me,"[1] is as authentic as it is widely spread. And it certainly is not his only acknowledgment of Selwyn's mortuary tastes, as may be seen by the following at the end of a letter addressed to his witty friend from Lyons on the 2nd of May, 1770 :—

". . . Yorke was very ugly whilst he lived; how did he look when he was dead? Yours ever,

"HOLLAND."[2]

But having mentioned the name of George Selwyn more than once during the course of this chapter, we must dedicate a few lines especially to himself—to the George Selwyn who formed a link in the chain of wits beginning from the days of Charles II., and who, according to the wits of the day, was Receiver-General of waif and stray jokes.

Like many another clever man he sparkled with contradictions, for while on the one hand he was curiously interested in the details of human suffering, fond of executions, corpses, and coffins; on the other, he was sociable, good-humoured, kind-hearted, and passionately fond of children. But his genial characteristics have been rather overlooked in favour of his

[1] Russell's Life and Times of C. J. Fox. Vol. i. chap. i.

[2] J. H. Jesse : George Selwyn and his Contemporaries.

morbid propensities, and some of his wittiest sayings transmitted to the public testify to the less pleasant side of his nature. Walpole says: "George never thinks but *à la tête tranchée:* he came to town t'other day to have a tooth drawn, and told the man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal."[1]

Being bantered by some ladies on his want of feeling in attending to see Lord Lovat's head cut off, he said: "Why! I made amends by going to the undertaker's to see it sewn on again."[2] A great deal of the effect of his wit was owing to the gravity with which he expressed it. His wit, however, formed part and parcel of himself, sometimes too much so: he was obliged to leave Hertford College, Oxford, for an irreverend jest. But he died penitent, and, during his last illness, at his own request the Bible was frequently read to him.[3]

Selwyn held various subordinate offices, but in the annals of his country he may chiefly be remembered as having sat in Parliament for nearly half a century, representing the city of Gloucester for more than thirty years; while in the social history of his times, he is biographically interesting as having

[1] J. H. Jesse: George Selwyn and his Contemporaries.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

introduced Madame du Deffand to Horace Walpole. In these pages, he must appear as the friend of Lord Holland—Lord Holland who, even when he retired from political life and asserted that he no longer took an interest in the political vicissitudes of the day, still seemed to care for news from Selwyn; which will be found proved in his own words:—

"*August* 1, 1766.

DEAR SELWYN,

"What, no letter from you? This serves only to tell you, that within these two or three days whatever you'll send to my house in town will be brought here by express. Adieu!

"Yours ever,

"HOLLAND."[1]

"NICE, *March 16th*, 1768.

". . . . I call your *longer* letter a most entertaining, your *shorter* a most kind letter, and most heartily thank you for both. Do not put your writing upon '*if you find anything worth communicating;*' but be assured that to see your handwriting (though it is by no means good) gives me great pleasure, and

[1] J. H. Jesse: George Selwyn and his Contemporaries.

obliges me; and I have met with too much ingratitude to be ungrateful myself. Because I am not so, I again beg to hear from you some, and I hope good, news of Lady Townshend. . . ." [1]

In closing our notice of the first Lord Holland we borrow from Coxe what seems an impartial account of his character:—"He was equally a man of pleasure and business, formed for social and convivial intercourse; of an unruffled temper and frank disposition. No statesman acquired more adherents, not merely from political motives, but swayed by his agreeable manners, and attached to him from personal friendship, which he fully merited by his zeal in promoting their interests. He is justly characterized, even by Lord Chesterfield, 'as having no fixed principles of religion or morality, and as too unwary in ridiculing and exposing them.' As a parliamentary orator, he was occasionally hesitating and perplexed; but, when warmed with his subject, he spoke with an animation and rapidity which appeared more striking from his former hesitation. His speeches were not crowded with flowers of rhetoric, or distinguished by brilliancy of diction; but were replete with sterling sense and sound argument. He was

[1] J. H. Jesse: George Selwyn and his Contemporaries.

quick in reply, keen in repartee, and skilful in discerning the temper of the house. He wrote without effort or affectation; his public despatches were manly and perspicuous, and his private letters easy and animated. Though of an ambitious spirit, he regarded money as a principal object, and power only as a secondary concern."[1]

An anonymous writer in "Lord Chesterfield's Characters Reviewed,"[2] says that he was "an excellent husband, a most indulgent father, a kind master, a courteous neighbour; and . . . a man whose *charities* demonstrated that he possessed in abundance *the milk of human kindness.*"

Lord Holland left four sons: Stephen, the successor to his title and estates, who only survived him six months; Henry, who did not live to grow up; Charles James, the orator and statesman; and Henry Edward, who died a general in the army.

Stephen married Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, daughter of John, first Earl of Upper Ossory. To the circumstance of his short life, may perhaps be attributed the fact that the second Lord Holland does not figure in history. It has been insinuated that he

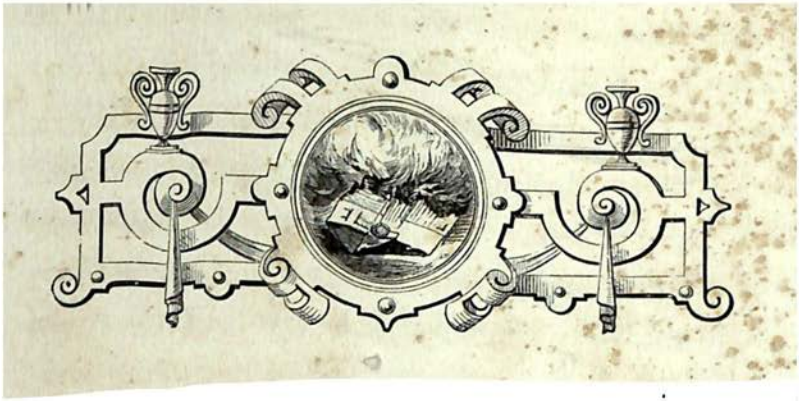
[1] Memoirs of Horatio, Lord Walpole, by William Coxe. London, 1808. Vol. ii. chap. xxxvii.

[2] London, 1777.

liked a good table. We may be certain that he kept a pleasant one. For he was good-natured and brilliant—a rare combination—and his memory is still dear to descendants born long after his death.

During the minority of his son, the third Lord Holland, Holland House was let to Lord Rosebery and to Mr. Bearcroft, and the land to various persons.





CHAPTER III.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

If the second Lord Holland appear rather as a passive holder of the name than as an active ornament of his family, in a very different light figures his younger brother.

Charles James Fox earned for himself such a reputation in the annals of English history, that, notwithstanding he was only a younger son, he is perhaps by some looked upon as the head of his family; while others, forgetful of his father's and grandfather's services, may be excused even for considering him as the first of his name. In the same spirit, we would give him a prominent position on these pages, although he was never a proprietor

of Holland House, and, although Holland House was not even his birthplace.

He was born on January 24th, 1749 (N.S.), in Conduit Street; but during much of his early life Holland House was his home. There we know that he joined in the private theatricals, when the part of Jane Shore was played by the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, with whom he is there also associated in a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.[1] There too occurred the well-known incident of the wall, which incident, well known as it is, must ever find its place in an account of Charles James Fox's youth.

A wall was condemned, and Lord Holland had promised young Charles James that he should witness its demolition. By some accident, however, the boy was not present when the wall was knocked down; but Lord Holland, acting up to the principle of keeping faith even with a child, had the wall built up again, in order that it might be demolished before his eyes.

Although this would help to prove that the child was a spoilt one, it would seem a pity to draw an unfavourable inference from a story which at least suggests the father's sense of honour, more especially as there are many other stories illustrative of Lord

See chap xx.

Holland's indulgence without having for excuse the keeping of a promise.

Once the *enfant terrible* wished to break a watch. "Well!" said the father, "if you must, I suppose you must."

At another time, Lord Holland, as Secretary of State, was preparing some important papers, when Charles, going into the study, read, criticized, and burnt a despatch which was ready to be sealed. The father, without even reprimanding his boy, calmly got ready another copy of the despatch from the official draft.

Charles James in his childhood does not seem to have shown his mother much more deference than he showed his father. One day he heard her make a mistake in Roman history, and, asking her, with utter contempt, what *she* knew about the Romans, he went on to explain how she was wrong.

It will thus be seen that the great statesman, being early allowed the use of his fingers and tongue, began life as a spoilt child; and it has been insinuated that he was one all his days. His education, if not desultory, was at least disconnected, the even course of his studies being more than once broken in upon by trips to the Continent. But such was his quickness, that what would simply

have unsettled some boys, probably enlarged his mind.

He was sent early to a private school at Wandsworth, kept by a Mr. Pampelonne. In his ninth year he went to Eton, for which place he ever retained a fond regard. Lord Carlisle and Lord Fitzwilliam were amongst his contemporaries there; and their portraits, as also that of Fox himself by Reynolds, are still to be seen at Eton in the Provost's Lodge.

Dr. Francis, translator of Horace, better known perhaps as father of Sir Philip Francis, assisted him in his studies, in which circumstance some, who believe Sir Philip and "Junius" to be the same person, find a reason for the leniency with which Lord Holland is treated in the renowned anonymous work.

Before Charles James was fourteen, Lord Holland took him to Paris and Spa, an event which may be considered of disastrous importance to his life, as during the trip were sown the seeds of his future taste for gambling; and this by his father! Poor Lord Holland became, too late, alarmed at the effects of his guilty imprudence.

After his return from the Continent, the boy remained about a year at Eton; and in 1764 was entered at Hertford College, Oxford.[1] There he may

[1] Russell's Life and Times of C. J. Fox. Vol. i. chap. i.

have indulged in the follies of youth, but there, by his devotion to classical literature, he greatly contributed to form the future brilliant orator. He remained less than two years at College, and then went again abroad for two years, spending a winter at Naples with his father, and seeing Voltaire at Ferney. The visit to Ferney is described in a letter to Rogers's friend, the late E. H. Barker, from Uvedale Price:[1]—

"'. . . From Geneva Fox and I went to Voltaire at Ferney, having obtained a permission then seldom granted. It is an event in one's life to have seen and heard that extraordinary man: he was old and infirm, and, in answer to Fox's note and request, said that the name of Fox was sufficient, and that he could not refuse seeing us, '*mais que nous venions pour l'exterrer.*' He conversed in a lively manner, walking with us to and fro in a sort of alley; and at parting gave us a list of some of his works, adding, '*Ce sont des livres de quoi il faut se munir,*' they were such as would fortify our young minds against religious prejudices. Fox quitted us at Geneva, went to England, and commenced his political career. . . . ."

[1] Quoted in a note to Rogers's "Table Talk."

Let us picture to ourselves the worn-out philosopher with the experience of his threescore years and ten, and by his side, not yet twenty, the embryo statesman, with the promise of future glory; then, in fancy bridging over the period between the birth of the one and the death of the other, what events in history may we not recall!

By the influence of Lord Holland, who wished his son to occupy a high place in the country, Fox was returned for Midhurst in the parliament which met on the 10th May, 1768. He was then little more than nineteen years old; though, as he was still abroad, he did not take his seat until the following November. But even as it was, he sat and spoke before he was of age.

His first speech, an unimportant one on a question of order, seems to have been made on the 9th of March, 1769. His second, made on the 14th of April, was in support of the expulsion of Wilkes; and his third, on the 8th of May, was on the petition against the return of Colonel Luttrell for Middlesex.[1]

In 1770 he first took office, as a junior Lord of the Admiralty, under the Administration of Lord North;

[1] Russell's Memorials and Correspondence of C. J. Fox. Book ii.

but in 1772, chiefly on account of his opposition to the Royal Marriage Bill, he resigned. Within a year, however, he was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury; his sudden dismissal from which office, in February 1774, occurred thus:—

There had been a coolness between Fox and the Premier, Lord North, when a motion was made in the House of Commons that Mr. Woodfall, printer of the *Public Advertiser*, in consequence of something which had appeared in that paper about the Speaker, be taken into custody by the Serjeant-at-Arms. Fox did not think such a punishment sufficient, and, without consulting Lord North, moved an amendment for Mr. Woodfall to be committed to Newgate. Lord North, rightly or wrongly supporting his subordinate, found himself, in the division, with a minority, and punished the cause of his defeat by the following note, which Fox received a few days afterwards, as he was sitting in the House of Commons on the Ministerial bench:—

"*His majesty has thought proper to order a new commission of the treasury to be made out, in which I do not perceive your name.*

"*North.*"[1]

"*To the Hon. C. J. Fox.*"

[1] Fell's Memoirs of C. J. Fox. London, 1808. P. 24.

Very soon after this, Fox was in the Opposition; but, to save him from the charge of being actuated by any petty feeling, it must be remembered that, even as a Ministerialist, he had voted against his own colleagues; that Burke had already begun to influence him; that his father, who was chiefly the means of bringing him into the Ministry, and whose politics he had begun by following, died in 1774; and that the great question of American taxation, upon which Fox's oratory made itself conspicuous, was brought forward after he had left the Ministry.

To follow the Ministerial windings of that period would entail a history of the American War; it will be enough here to say that Fox first deprecated the measures which led to the war, and afterwards sought to diminish the expense of it.

In the general election which followed the dissolution of 1780 he was chosen member for Westminster. In February 1782, the Ministers were defeated upon the question of the continuance of the war, and in March they left office. Lord Rockingham became Prime Minister, and Fox, who had contributed greatly to the downfall of the previous Ministry, was made Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and speedily commenced negotiations for peace. But on account of the serious differences which existed

between himself and Lord Shelburne, Fox, upon the death of Lord Rockingham, and the consequent appointment of Lord Shelburne to the Premiership, resigned.

The Shelburne Ministry was a modification of Lord Rockingham's, and included, besides several old supporters of the war, one who had been united with Fox in opposing it: William Pitt.

It excluded, however, Lord North as well as Fox; and thus it was that the two antagonists of eight years' standing were found side by side in opposition, and that once the question of peace or war, which had divided them, was exchanged for the question of how peace should be made, a coalition between them was effected. Some notion of the estimation in which Fox was held at this time may be gleaned from the following extracts. The first is out of a letter from Horace Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, written from Strawberry Hill, and dated Nov. 3, 1782:—

". . . . All Mrs. Siddons did, good sense or good instruction might give. I dare to say, that were I one-and-twenty, I should have thought her marvellous; but, alas! I remember Mrs. Porter and the Dumesnil —and remember every accent of the former in the very same part. Yet this is not entirely prejudice:

don't I equally recollect the whole progress of Lord Chatham and Charles Townshend, and does it hinder my thinking Mr. Fox a prodigy?—Pray don't send him this paragraph too. I am not laying a courtly trap, nor at sixty-five projecting, like the old Duke of Newcastle, to be in favour in the next reign. . . ."[1]

The other extract is part of a character of Fox written by Lord Ossory:—

". . . . He was much caressed by the then Ministry, and appointed a Lord of the Admiralty, and soon promoted to the Treasury. Lord North (which he must ever since have repented) was inclined to turn him out upon some trivial occasion or difference; and soon afterwards the fatal quarrel with America commenced, Mr. Fox constantly opposing the absurd measures of Administration, and rising by degrees to be the first man the House of Commons ever saw. His opposition continued from 1773 to 1782, when the Administration was fairly overturned by his powers; for even the great weight of ability, property, and influence that composed the opposition, could never have effected that great work, if he had not acquired the absolute possession and influence of the House of Commons. He certainly deserved their confidence, for his political conduct

[1] Horace Walpole: Letters to the Countess of Ossory.

has been fair, open, honest, and decided, against the system so fatally adopted by the Court. He resisted every temptation to be brought over by that system, however flattering to his ambition, for he must soon have been at the head of everything. But I do not know whether his abilities are not the least extraordinary part about him. Perhaps that is saying too much; but he is full of good nature, good temper, and facility of disposition, disinterestedness with regard to himself, at the same time that his mind is fraught with the most noble sentiments and ideas upon all possible subjects. His understanding has the greatest scope I can form an idea of, his memory the most wonderful, his judgment the most true, his reasoning the most profound and acute, his eloquence the most rapid and persuasive." [1]

Soon after the coalition between Lord North and Fox, the latter, boasting of the advantageous peace with France, said he had at length prevailed on the Court of Versailles to relinquish all pretensions to the gum-trade in favour of Great Britain. George Selwyn, who seemed asleep, but who never lost an opportunity for making a pun, said: "That, Charles, I am not at all surprised at, for, having permitted

[1] Horace Walpole: Letters to the Countess of Ossory. (From a foot-note to letter dated July 7, 1782.)

the French to draw your *teeth*, they would be indeed d——d fools to quarrel with you about your *gums*."[1]

The Opposition, having in February 1783 carried a resolution censuring the terms of the Peace with America, a new Ministry was formed, with the Duke of Portland as Premier, in which Lord North and Fox took office as Secretaries of State. But this Administration was short-lived. In December of the same year, it was defeated upon a measure known as Fox's East India Bill, which went to vest the Indian Government in a way the King considered calculated to diminish the influence of the Crown. The Bill passed the House of Commons, but, owing to the King's influence, was defeated by the Lords. Pitt succeeded, and there was a violent Opposition, of which Fox was the head.

Now commenced a long and formidable contest between the two great men. Fox was the author of a representation to the Crown, pointing out fully and forcibly the evils of a Ministry at variance with the people's voice. But Pitt remained in office until 1801.

Meanwhile, Fox was perpetually under public notice one way or another. In 1784 occurred his celebrated election for Westminster, when the poll

[1] J. H. Jesse : George Selwyn and his Contemporaries.

was kept open for forty days.[1] The validity of the election was disputed, but the matter was ultimately settled in his favour.

Ladies canvassed for him, and, during the contest, the Duchess of Devonshire having bought a butcher's vote with a kiss, the following epigram obtained circulation :—

> "Array'd in matchless beauty, Devon's fair?
> In Fox's favour takes a zealous part?
> But, Oh! where'er the pilferer comes—beware!
> She supplicates a vote, and steals a heart."[2]

Pending the result of the scrutiny, Fox appeared in Parliament as member for the Scotch boroughs of Dingwall and Kirkwall,[3] and took an active part in the impeachment of Warren Hastings.

He was paid the local compliment of being, from 1769 to 1774 (as before him his father had been), Steward of the Borough of Malmesbury.[4] In 1788, worn out with the excitement of his labours, he went to the Continent and spent a few days with Gibbon at Lausanne. The visit is alluded to in Rogers's "Table Talk" as follows :—

[1] Russell's Life and Times of C. J. Fox. Vol. ii. chap. xx.

[2] History of the Westminster Election, by Lovers of Truth and Justice. London, 1784.

[3] Fell's Memoirs of C. J. Fox. London, 1808. P. 213.

[4] Nichols's Collectanea.

"It is well known that Fox visited Gibbon at Lausanne; and he was much gratified by the visit. Gibbon, he said, talked a great deal, walking up and down the room, and generally ending his sentences with a genitive case; every now and then, too, casting a look of complacency on his own portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which hung over the chimney-piece,—that wonderful portrait, in which, while the oddness and vulgarity of the features are refined away, the likeness is perfectly preserved.—Fox used to say that Gibbon's *History* was immortal, because nobody could do without it,—nobody, without vast expense of time and labour, could get elsewhere the information which it contains."

Speaking of this tour, Gibbon says: ". . . . Mr. Fox gave me two days of free and private society. He seemed to feel, and even to envy, the happiness of my situation; while I admired the powers of a superior man, as they are blended in his attractive character with the softness and simplicity of a child. Perhaps no human being was ever more perfectly exempt from the taint of malevolence, vanity, or falsehood."[1]

Charles James Fox even reached Italy, but the

[1] Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works, with Occasional Notes and Narrative, by John, Lord Sheffield. Dublin, 1796. Vol. i. p. 168.

King's illness forced him to return to his parliamentary vocations, and, a Regency being necessary, he maintained that to the Prince of Wales the Regency belonged by right, and without limitation, thus opposing the course pursued by Pitt.

In 1789 Fox supported Mr. Beaufoy's motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and a year later he himself introduced a motion for the same purpose.[1] He certainly was in advance of his times.

In the general election of 1790 he was returned for Westminster at the head of the poll, and it was in this Parliament that, through his action with Pitt and Grenville as well as with Burke, the attempt made to annul Warren Hastings' impeachment, on the ground that the dissolution had put an end to it, was defeated. He thus helped finally to settle the great constitutional question whether an impeachment was or was not terminated by a dissolution; a question on which the House of Lords had in 1679 and 1685 pronounced two famous but diametrically opposite decisions.

The year 1791 is a sad year in Fox's life, as then occurred his quarrel with his friend Burke, between whom and himself had existed, for five-and-twenty years, a brotherly affection. Great political

[1] Cobbett's Parliamentary Hist. Vol. xxviii. pp. 27—38, 387—403.

success is mere toil compared to the secure repose of real friendship; and evidently Fox saw the matter in this light. They had had, early in 1790, a difference of opinion during a discussion on the Army Estimates, but it was upon the subject of the Quebec Government Bill that the actual quarrel broke out. Burke was making a violent diatribe against the French Revolution, and, having been in vain called to order, a motion was made by Lord Sheffield and seconded by Fox, to the effect that dissertations on the French Constitution were not regular or orderly on the question that the clauses of the Quebec Bill be read a second time, paragraph by paragraph. Burke, who was evidently in an excited state, took causeless offence at some remarks of Fox in supporting the motion, and in his reply complained bitterly that he had not been treated by Fox as one friend should be treated by another. Moreover, he persisted in the offence which had given rise to the motion, and, in violent language, resumed his abuse of the French Constitution. Fox whispered that there was no loss of friendship. Burke replied, *Yes, there was—he knew the price of his conduct—he had done his duty at the price of his friend—their friendship was at an end.*[1]

[1] Russell's Life and Times of C. J. Fox. Vol. ii. chap. xxx.

Although Fox appealed, with tears in his eyes, to the memory of their friendship, although Burke shortly afterwards acknowledged that Fox was a man made to be loved, Burke never allowed the wound to be healed. Horace Walpole, in a letter to the Countess of Ossory, written from Strawberry Hill, and dated Aug. 22, 1791; renders justice to Fox in the following manner:—

". . . As to Mr. Fox, I own I think the tears he shed for having hurt Mr. Burke, were an infinitely nobler peace-offering than a recantation could have been. Who weeps for his friends, feels; who retracts his opinion, may be convinced, or from art or interest may pretend he is convinced; and that recantation may be due to the public, without being due to his friend, as no friendship binds one to *think* exactly like one's friend on general topics; and therefore to shed tears for having disagreed, was a greater sacrifice than retractation: and in that light I admire Mr. Fox's temper more than Mr. Burke's. This is being very impartial; for though with Mr. Fox I admire the destruction of despotism, I agree with Mr. Burke in abhorring the violence, cruelty, injustice, and absurdity of the National Assembly, who have destroyed regal tyranny for a short time, and exercise ten times greater themselves; and I

fear, have ruined liberty for ages; for what country will venture to purchase a chance of freedom at the price of the ruin that has been brought on France by this outrageous experiment? . . ."[1]

In 1791 and in 1792 Fox distinguished himself by opposing the Ministerial project of an armament against Russia,[2] and, what is more to his glory, by supporting Mr. Wilberforce's motion for the abolition of the slave trade. Humanity seems to us to have been Fox's besetting virtue. Not only did he make himself conspicuous in trying to put an end to that disgraceful traffic by which man is sold to his fellow-man, and then too often oppressed by him, but also he had vehemently opposed the American War, and worked to bring about peace. And as he had done by the American War, so he did by the war with France.[3] Having striven in vain to bring it to an end, undaunted by his friends' desertion, he straightforwardly pursued his philanthropic course.

His efforts were not, however, restricted to these specially memorable achievements. Lord Brougham seems to have held him in almost as great esteem for supporting Lord Erskine's amendment of the

[1] Horace Walpole, Letters to the Countess of Ossory.
[2] Stanhope's Life of Pitt. Vol. ii. chaps. xv. xvi.
[3] Statesmen of the Time of George III. Series I. Vol. i.

law of libel as for his services towards the abolition of the slave trade. But as it is not our object to write a record of all his deeds, we must content ourselves by briefly enumerating some of those which we consider the most conspicuous. In 1793 he supported Mr. (afterwards Earl) Grey's motion for Parliamentary Reform.[1] In 1794 he defended the cause of the Scottish *martyrs*, Muir and Palmer.[2] In 1795 he opposed the Seditious Meetings' Bill, and the Treasonable Practices Bill,[3] the repeal of which he moved in 1797. In 1797 also he nobly distinguished himself in the cause of true liberty by drawing attention to the state of Ireland and to the injustices heaped upon Irish Catholics.

Thus did he maintain a sentiment he expressed when in office in 1782, that for "his part, he had rather see Ireland totally separated from the crown of England, than kept in obedience only by force. Unwilling subjects were little better than enemies."[4]

Later in 1797, he retired for a while from public life, to which he did not return until nearly the end of 1801. Most of the intervening period he spent at St. Anne's Hill.

[1] Cobbett's Parliamentary History. Vol. xxx. pp. 908—925.
[2] Ibid. pp. 1562—1572.
[3] Ibid. Vol. xxxii. pp. 276—283, 371—377.
[4] Ibid. Vol. xxiii. p. 23.

Like some Romans of old, and, by the bye, like his father, the first Lord Holland, who was very fond of horticulture, he devoted himself to homely pursuits when he was not engaged in public duties. It is pleasant to picture him, during this parenthesis in his existence, engaged with rural occupations and enjoying domestic ties. But in his leisure he employed himself intellectually also. It was then that he formed the plan of his "History of James the Second." Even after resuming his attendance in Parliament, in July 1802, he went to Paris with the view of consulting certain documents in the *Dépôt des Affaires Étrangères* and in the Scotch College. Amongst the former, he was especially pleased with Barillon's letters, writing of them to his nephew as ". . . worth their weight in gold;"[1] from amongst the latter, the MSS. of King James II. had disappeared. But as during his visit he made Napoleon's acquaintance, and as his history of the reign of James II. did not make any great impression, it may be supposed that the intended object of his journey was the smallest result of it. The work itself was published in 1808, after the author's death, with a preface by the third Lord Holland. Sydney Smith said that Fox wrote drop

[1] See Lord Holland's Preface to C. J. Fox's History of James II.

by drop; and Grattan that every sentence of his came rolling like a wave of the Atlantic three thousand miles long. But, fortunately for him, his reputation does not depend upon his pen; for, true child of impulse, this fragment of history, like most of the few speeches which he *prepared*, is a comparative failure. Brougham says: "The style is pure and correct, but cold and lifeless: it is even somewhat abrupt and discontinuous; so little does it flow naturally or with ease."[1] Rogers, however, said that it had been greatly undervalued, but that it would be properly estimated in future ages.

At St. Anne's Hill also Fox contemplated another work, and a much greater one. In a summer-house of the garden belonging to that small Surrey shooting-box—for such was St. Anne's Hill at the time—were discussed the preliminaries of the Treaty of Amiens. And if we wonder, reflecting upon the modest spot to which the project set its historical seal, surely we may also wonder, reflecting upon the vast space over which the results of that project travelled, securing, if only for a short time, the blessing of peace.

In 1801, Pitt was succeeded by Mr. Addington, whose negotiations for peace with France tempted

Fox from his retirement. His constituents were as devoted to him as if he had been a regular attendant at the House, and, in the general election of 1802, again returned him for Westminster at the head of the poll. It was, as we have already mentioned, in the July of the same year that he went to Paris. There he was fêted by the rich and visited by the great. Once at the theatre, the audience recognized him, rose, and made him quite an ovation; while, with a modesty which might have been mistaken for boorishness, he failed to acknowledge the compliment even by a gesture of thanks.[1]

Some idea of the sensation he created in the gay capital will be found in the following extract:—"To ape Mr. Fox," says a late writer, quoted in the *Georgian Era*, "was now the fashion at Paris: his dress, his mode of speaking, nay, his very dinners, were imitated. It was the fashion to be a thinking man,—to think like Fox. At the opera, he attracted every eye, and was followed as a spectacle through the streets. His picture was exhibited in every window; and no medallions had such a ready sale, as those which bore the head of Fox. The artists alone were displeased, as he refused to sit for his portrait. A famous statuary sent his respects

[1] See Trotter's Memoirs of Fox. Chap. vii.

to him, saying, that being anxious to partake of his immortality, he wished to execute a statue of him, and would call the next day, when he flattered himself Mr. Fox would have no objection to sit half an hour in his shirt, while he took the exact contour of his body." We learn from the same source that among the fashionables of Paris, who were particularly attentive to him, was Madame Récamier. She called for him one day in her carriage; but Fox, hesitating to accompany her, "Come," said the lady, "I must keep my promise, and show you on the promenade. Before you came, I was the fashion; it is a point of honour, therefore, that I should not seem jealous of you." Soon after, an ode appeared, in which Fox and Madame Récamier were transformed into Jupiter and Venus.[1]

When at a great levée Fox was announced by the English Ambassador, Buonaparte, according to Trotter,[2] whom Lord Russell[3] quotes, indicated considerable emotion, and said very rapidly: "Ah! Mr. Fox!—I have heard with pleasure of your arrival—I have desired much to see you—I have long admired in you the orator and friend of his

[1] Georgian Era, by W. Clark. London, 1832. Vol. i. p. 335.
[2] Memoirs of Fox. Chap. xi.
[3] Life and Times of C. J. Fox. Vol. iii. chap. lxi.

country, who, in constantly raising his voice for peace, consulted that country's best interests—those of Europe—and of the human race. The two great nations of Europe require peace;—they have nothing to fear;—they ought to understand and value one another. In you, Mr. Fox, I see, with much satisfaction, that great statesman who recommended Peace, because there was no just object of war; who saw Europe desolated to no purpose, and who struggled for its relief."

Fox subsequently dined with the genius hero, and had several hours' conversation with him.

Little, during the conversation with Charles James Fox, did Buonaparte think that it was reserved for himself, after being courted by all, to be betrayed by the nation in which he had most confided, and that, when thus betrayed, Charles James Fox's nephew would be foremost and almost alone in defending his cause.

In the autumn of 1802 Fox took his place in the new Parliament, and presently he began to doubt the intention of Ministers to maintain peace. Mr. Addington, having accomplished the feat of putting himself against both Fox and Pitt, was unequal to the other feat of remaining in office, and in 1804 he resigned. Pitt succeeded; but as George III. would

not then have Fox in office, and as Lord Grenville and others of importance would not serve without him, the Ministry was a weak one, and did not succeed in making peace.

In 1805 Fox was great upon the Catholic question; and Brougham talks in high terms of his opening speech: "It was a noble performance, instinct with sound principle; full of broad and striking views of policy; abounding in magnanimous appeals to justice; and bold assertions of right, in one passage touching and pathetic,—the description of a Catholic soldier's feelings on reviewing some field where he had shared the dangers of the fight, yet repined to think that he could never taste the glories of command."[1]

On the 23rd of January, 1806, Pitt died, and Lord Grenville becoming Prime Minister, Fox was made Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and leader in the House of Commons.

But his days were numbered. "At a very early period of the Administration," says Lord Holland, in his Memoirs of the Whig Party,[2] "he had told me that he looked forward some time or other to retire from the office which he held; that, in the event of peace, the tiresome and unimportant duties annexed to it

[1] Statesmen of the Time of George III. Series I. Vol. i.
[2] Vol. i.

would increase, that he would then take some less active situation, or remain in Cabinet without any, and give me the seals of the Foreign Office, as he could, in that case, without indelicacy, superintend all matters of importance, and make opportunities of talking them over, when he was so inclined, or avoid them, when he had a fancy for literature or any other pursuit. This scheme, he observed, would inure me to business; and with that contented tone of voice which always accompanied his kindness, he added: 'It will be nice too, for it will secure my seeing you at St. Anne's when I am there.' Of these projects, though made for some distant time, he had probably spoken to others; for when his disorder assumed a more alarming appearance, his colleagues offered some arrangement of the sort. Lord Howick (Grey) came to him with a proposal, which included a Peerage, if he liked it, to save him from the yet more laborious duty of the House of Commons. Mrs. Fox was in the room when this suggestion was made. At the mention of the Peerage, he looked at her significantly, with a reference to his secret but early determination never to be created a Peer; and, after a short pause, he said: 'No, not yet, I think not yet.' On the same evening, as I sat by his bedside, he said to me: 'If this continues (and though I don't fear any immediate

danger, I begin to see it is a longer and more serious business than I apprehended), I must have more quiet than with my place I ought to have, and put the plan I spoke to you about, sooner in execution than I intended. But don't think me selfish, young one. The Slave Trade and Peace are two such glorious things, I can't give them up, even to you. If I can manage *them*, I will then retire.' He then talked over some arrangements connected with that scheme, and his own situation in the Cabinet without office, and added: 'The peerage, to be sure, seems the natural way, but that cannot be. I have an oath in heaven against it; I will not close my politics in that foolish way, as so many have done before me.' . . .

"Soon after the serious nature of his disorder had been ascertained, Lord Yarmouth abruptly and unadvisedly produced his full powers at Paris; the Cabinet, in consequence, named Lord Lauderdale to conduct the negotiation. My uncle's intention had, at one time, been to send me or General Fitzpatrick. In his then state of health, I should certainly have declined it; but I own that I was weak enough to feel two minutes' mortification, on Lord Howick's (Lord Grey) not giving me the option. I felt this more sensibly when, on approaching my uncle's bedside after he had heard of, and sanctioned, Lord

Lauderdale's appointment, he said, with a melancholy smile of affection that I can never forget—'So you would not leave me, young one, to go to Paris, but liked staying with me better—there's a kind boy.' He thus gave me credit for refusing what had never been offered to me, and I did not like to explain the circumstances for fear he might misinterpret my explanation into an expression of disappointment at not going. I answered: 'Why, I hope I may be useful to you here; and I am sure, if you like my being here, it would be very odd if I did not prefer staying.'

"From this period, in addition to frequent calls in the morning, I regularly attended his bedside for an hour or two every night after his visitors and secretaries had retired. Mr. Trotter, Mrs. Fox, or my sister, generally read to him during the day. The books he chose were chiefly novels. When he wished to hear anything else, he expressed that wish while it was my sister's turn, with whose reading he was very naturally delighted, or he reserved it till the evening for me. 'For' (said he) 'I like your reading, young one, but I liked it better before I had heard your sister's. That is better than yours, I can tell you.' I noticed that he was growing to love his niece more and more every day. Various accidents had prevented his seeing much of her till the year

1803. All her excellent qualities, both of head and heart, came upon him at once, and endeared her, as well they might, most sincerely to her uncle.

"I read the whole of Crabbe's 'Parish Register' over to him in MS. Some parts he made me read twice; he remarked several passages as exquisitely beautiful, and objected to some few, which I mentioned to the author, and which he, in almost every instance, altered before publication. . . . .

"Numbers of letters were written from every quarter of the kingdom to suggest the means of preserving his life. The warmth and eagerness with which they were urged, expressive of the public interest taken in his recovery, were gratifying in the extreme. . . . . He had, at an earlier stage of his illness, exacted from me a promise to apprise him of any approach of danger, and added with emotion, 'We are neither of us children, and it would be ridiculous to conceal anything:' he then resumed his gaiety, and added, 'I don't mean to die though, young one; and above all not to give the thing up, as my father did.' . . . .

"To return to my narrative: I told him about an hour before the first operation was performed, that there was neither pain nor immediate danger to be apprehended, but that great quiet of mind and body

was deemed necessary to give the operation all its beneficial consequences; that the efforts of the constitution to support the frame after a large portion of water was suddenly drawn off, required the very utmost repose; and that any exertion, mental or bodily, soon afterwards, would impede the endeavour of the constitution to resume its tone. He understood me. He gave me directions to find his Will. The situation and feelings of Mrs. Fox seemed to be the chief, and indeed the only, occupation of his mind on that occasion, and on every other where he spoke of the probability of his disease terminating fatally. He could speak of nothing regarding her without strong and sensible emotion. He contrived, however, to explain his wishes and expectations about a provision for her after his death. They were as nearly fulfilled as the state of the pension laws would admit. He had hardly finished what he had to say on that painful subject, when he abruptly said, 'Now change the conversation, or read me the 8th Book of Virgil.' I did so. He made me read the finest verses twice over, spoke of their merits, and compared them with passages in other poets, with all his usual acuteness, taste, memory, and vivacity. . . .

"For some few days he seemed to revive. With the propensity to deceive ourselves, which seems to

haunt a sick room, we began to entertain some faint hopes that the medicines and treatment might ward off the necessity of a second operation. In this interval, he took, if I mistake not, one or two airings; and in a few days he was removed to Chiswick. The weather was fine, and the garden through which he was wheeled, and the pictures, and large apartments of that magnificent villa, seemed to refresh his spirits. A remark of Bacon quoted in the Spectator, that poetry, sculpture, painting, and all the arts of imitation, relieve and soothe the mind in sickness, while other occupations fatigue and harass it, struck him exceedingly. He applied it, no doubt, to his own situation, and after some reflection, he observed, that he could not see the reason, but acknowledged the truth of it. . . . .

"In the morning of the 7th of September, he grew much worse, and Mrs. Fox sent for me over to Chiswick, which I did not quit till after the termination of his illness. One day he sent for me, and reminded me of my promise, not to conceal the truth. I told him that we had been much alarmed, but that he was better. I added, however, that he was in a very precarious state, and that I must acknowledge his danger, though I perhaps overstated it from a fear of allowing myself to deceive him after the promise I

had given. He then repeated the injunctions he had given me before, and said once or twice, 'You have done quite right—you will not forget poor Liz: what will become of her!' As he had now been twice apprised of his danger, and seemed to me to have said all that he wished, I henceforth endeavoured to encourage his hopes as much as I could, and infinitely beyond my own judgment of his situation. He was, however, somewhat stronger and easier that night; he conversed more than he had done for some time: seeing his servant in the room, he spoke to me in French, and his thoughts still dwelt exclusively on Mrs. Fox. 'Je crains pour elle,' said he; 'a-t-elle la moindre idée de mon danger? si non, quelle souffrance pour elle!' I answered him (what was indeed the truth) that she was sufficiently aware of his danger to prevent the worse termination of his illness being a surprise; but that she had not been so desponding that morning as my sister, General Fitz Patrick, and others; and I ventured to add, 'et à cette heure vous voyez qu'elle avait raison; for, in spite of what I then said to you, dabit Deus bis quoque finem.' 'Aye,' said he, with a faint smile, 'but *finem*, young one, may have two senses.'

"Such was our last conversation. He spoke, indeed, frequently in the course of the next thirty-six

hours, and he evidently retained his faculties unimpaired; but he was too restless at one time, and too lethargick at others, to keep up any conversation after that evening, which I think was the 11th of September. About this period of his illness, Mrs. Fox, who had a strong sense of religion, consulted some of us on the means of persuading Mr. Fox to hear prayers read by his bedside. I own that I had some apprehensions lest any clergyman called in might think it a good opportunity for displaying his religious zeal, and acquiring celebrity by some exhibition to which Mr. Fox's principles and taste would have been equally averse. When, however, Mr. Bouverie, a young man of excellent character, without pretension or hypocrisy, was in the house, I seconded her request, in the full persuasion that by so doing I promoted what would have been the wishes of Mr. Fox himself. His chief object throughout was to soothe and satisfy her. Yet repugnance was felt, and to some degree urged, even to this, by Mr. Trotter, who soon afterwards thought fit to describe with great fervour the devotion it inspired, and to build upon it many conjectures of his own on the religious tenets and principles of Mr. Fox. Mr. Bouverie stood behind the curtain of the bed, and in a faint but audible voice read the service. Mr. Fox remained unusually

quiet. Towards the end, Mrs. Fox knelt on the bed and joined his hands, which he seemed faintly to close with a smile of ineffable goodness, such as can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Whatever it betokened, it was a smile of serenity and goodness, such as could have proceeded at that moment only from a disinterested and benevolent heart, from a being loving and beloved by all that surrounded and by all that approached him. From that period, and not till that period, Mrs. Fox bore her situation and apprehensions with some fortitude; and I have no doubt that her confidence in religion alone enabled her to bear the scene which she was doomed so soon to undergo.

"During the whole of the 13th of September, no hopes could be entertained. For the last two hours of his existence his articulation was so painful and indistinct, that we could only occasionally catch his words, and then very few at a time. The small room in which he lay has two doors, one into the large saloon, the other into a room, equally small, adjoining. In the latter Mrs. Fox, during the last ten days, constantly sat or lay down without undressing. Her bed was within hearing, and indeed within a very few feet, of that of Mr. Fox. The doors were always open, for the weather was extremely

hot. Of those who had access to him during the last melancholy days, it was at any one moment a mere accident who were actually in the bed-chamber with him, who were pacing the adjoining rooms, or giving vent to their grief in the distant corners of the apartments. Each was actually by his bedside during some part of the day, and all, of at least seven or eight persons, were constantly within call of the room in which he lay, or in attendance upon him. The impression, therefore, given, (whether intentionally or not, I cannot say,) with respect to the persons present at his death, in Mr. Trotter's book is quite incorrect. The last words which he uttered with any distinctness were, 'I die happy;' and 'Liz,' the affectionate abbreviation in which he usually addressed his wife. He attempted indeed to articulate something more, but we none of us could accurately distinguish the sounds. In very few minutes after this fruitless endeavour to speak, in the evening of the 13th of September, 1806, he expired without a groan, and with a serene and placid countenance, which seemed even after death to represent the benevolent spirit which had animated it."

Whilst the scene thus described by Lord Holland is being enacted, Lady Holland appears to those who

are waiting near the chamber of death, and answers their breathless inquiries by walking through the room with her apron thrown over her head! In such a manner did this eccentric woman choose to announce what was a public as well as a private calamity. And the nation honoured Fox's clay by burying it in Westminster Abbey.



C. J. Fox.

The above woodcut, from a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, gives, we hope, a fair representation of his face; and the following physiognomy of him by Lavater will convey perhaps an impartial idea of his mind, as seen through his features. It appears with a letter, dated November 1st, 1788, from

Sir Ralph Payne, afterwards Lord Lavington, to Sir Robert Murray Keith, in which the writer says:—

"When I was at Zürich, where I stayed a couple of days, I paid a visit to, and spent two or three hours each day with Lavater; and I will annex a memorandum which I copied from his note-book, on Charles Fox's physiognomy, which he had an opportunity of examining about a couple of months ago, at Berne, where he met him accidentally. . . .

"*Front*—Inépuisable; plus de richesse d'idées, et d'images, que je n'ai jamais vu peint sur *aucune physiognomie au monde.*

Sourcils—Superbes, regnants, dominants.

Nez—Médiocre.

Les Yeux—Remplis de génie, perçans, fascinants, magiques.

Les Joues—Sensuels.

Bouche—Pleine d'une volubilité surprenante et agréable; et le bas du visage doux, affable, sociable. (LAVATER pinxit.)"[1]

Certainly Lavater is not so great in French Grammar as in physiognomy!

The child is father to the man, and with Fox the extraordinary child was father to the extraordinary man. The indulgence lavished upon him during his childhood influenced his whole life, and strengthened his bad as well as his good qualities.

We have seen him almost in his babyhood taking

[1] Memoirs and Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith, edited by Mrs. Gillespie Smyth. London, 1849. Vol. ii. p. 200.

his mother to task for a mistake in Roman history, and destroying his father's papers; we read of him on his road from Oxford to Holland House leaving his watch in pawn for a pot of porter with the alehouse-keeper at Nettlebed; and later on we find him a dissolute man as well as a confirmed gambler. But the good predominated over the bad, and the bad was often an occasion for developing the good.

The following occurs in Rogers's "Table Talk:"— He once won about eight thousand pounds; and one of his bond-creditors, who soon heard of his good luck, presented himself, and asked for payment. "Impossible, sir," replied Fox; "I must first discharge my debts of honour." The bond-creditor remonstrated. "Well, sir, give me your bond." It was delivered to Fox, who tore it in pieces and threw them into the fire. "Now, sir," said Fox, "my debt to you is a debt of honour;" and immediately paid him.

Undoubtedly, in him the bad served to develop the good. How many other traits, equally characteristic, prove that, amidst the gambler's excitement, he could maintain the generous equanimity of a great mind!

Having one night lost an immense sum, his friend Topham Beauclerk the next morning paid him a visit, expecting to find him in a state requiring

consolation. Great, however, was the gambler's philosophy; great, too, was his friend's astonishment to find him quietly reading Herodotus. Fox accounted for his calmness by a reason which another might have given for despair. "What would you have me do, when I have lost my last shilling?" Once he is said to have gambled for twenty-two hours at a time, losing 500*l.* an hour.

The habit of gambling paralyzed in him some of those qualities which might have made him superior to Pitt, and greatly diminished the number of his laurels. But he liked play even as an art, as is proved by his eagerness for chess. Rogers once heard him say that he had not been able to sleep for thinking of some particular move. Had he confined his play to chess, he might have excluded bailiffs from his society. But even with them he could afford to be witty at his own expense. Once, after a dissolution of Parliament, he was with Hare, who, as well as himself, was expecting to be arrested. Two bailiffs suddenly made their appearance, and Fox accosted them with an appropriate joke: "Well, gentlemen, are you Hare hunting or Fox hunting?"

A bare fact, simply recorded in a foot-note to Fell's Memoirs,[1] may here add weight to our opinion

[1] Memoirs of C. J. Fox. P. 229.

that his carelessness was accompanied by a genuine liberality, which lent an amiable side to his extravagance. After the settlement of the Westminster Petition, he got £2,000 damages, which sum he made over to the Public Charities of Westminster. This action coming as it did *after* his success, can scarcely, even by his enemies, be looked upon in the light of a bribe.

Although weak even to self-indulgence in the ordinary affairs of life, he had within him an immense power of self-control. And this, patriotism, honour, or gratitude served to draw forth: when in office, he never touched a card; and when his political friends paid his debts, he left off playing entirely.

There is scarcely a great social question of those times upon which George Selwyn has not left his mark—a pun. When Fox's friends were discussing amongst themselves concerning a subscription they had raised for him, and, talking of the delicacy of the subject, were wondering how he would take it, Selwyn interrupted: "Take it? why, *quarterly*, to be sure."[1]

As a youth, Fox was fond of gaudy clothing, and evidently shared his taste with his schoolfellow, Lord Carlisle; for they travelled once from Paris to

[1] J. H. Jesse: George Selwyn and his Contemporaries.

Lyons with the express purpose of buying waistcoats; and these, the object of their journey, were naturally the subject of their conversation. The result, however, was not so satisfactory as might have been hoped. We know indeed nothing about the waistcoats themselves, or whether any were bought, but we believe that Fox appeared in England wearing a little odd French hat, and shoes with red heels. Travestied thus externally, who would have guessed what he had within him? In his case, the apparel did not proclaim the man.

Afterwards he took to the opposite extreme, and became as slovenly as he had been foppish. One day, carried away by the charm of conversation, he forgot, until it was too late to change his dress, that he ought to make his appearance at George the Third's levée. So he rushed off, accoutred as he was; and upon some one remarking that his attire was not exactly the proper one to appear in at Court, he answered: "No matter; *he* [the King] is so blind that he can't distinguish what I have on."

Of more importance, however, than his taste in dress is his taste in literature. His just appreciation of the beautiful in poetry may be inferred from the fact that he read Homer through once every year. Although he did not consider the "Odyssey"

so fine a poem as the "Iliad," he thought it a pleasanter one to read. As a rule, notwithstanding that he was a constant reader of Virgil, he preferred Greek writers to Latin ones, and he said that the Greek historians generally told nothing but truth, while the Latin historians generally told nothing but lies. Correct as may have been his literary taste, he so far evinced an appreciation for nonsense as to say that no one could be an ill-tempered man who wrote so much nonsense as Swift did; and one *might* quarrel with him for pronouncing Dryden's imitations of Horace better than the originals. He never neglected poetry, which he liked to study in living as well as dead languages. He was especially fond of Italian. But the man who revelled in Dante's "Divine Comedy" could hardly be expected to have a taste for the school to which Wordsworth belonged, and he did not feign any such taste even when he came in contact with the poet himself. Seeing him at a ball given by Mrs. Fox, he expressed pleasure at making his acquaintance, but expressed no admiration of his works. Said he, "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Wordsworth, though I am not of your faction."

Fox, however, went further in his exclusiveness: he used to say that he could not forgive Milton for having occasioned him the trouble of reading through

"Paradise Lost," three parts of which he considered not worth reading. But it is fair to add that later on he became more just to *the* epic poem of England. The four compositions of the century to which he gave the palm were Metastasio's "Isaacco," Pope's "Eloisa to Abelard," Voltaire's "Zaire," and Gray's "Elegy."

From the intellectual food which he preferred, let us turn to the intellectual food which he dispensed. As an orator, he has been likened to Demosthenes; but whilst Demosthenes carefully prepared his orations, Fox, with all his eloquence, rough, ready, and witty, seldom succeeded in a prepared speech. One of the worst speeches, if not the worst he ever made, was that upon Francis, Duke of Bedford, which was almost the only one he had ever much prepared, and the only one he ever corrected for the press.[1] What he excelled in was reply; and it must necessarily have been so. Fox was essentially gifted with a quick perception of his adversaries' weak points, and had a particular facility in turning their faults to account: like the caricaturist who makes the personal defects of his subject contribute to the success of his likeness.

[1] Brougham, Statesmen of the Time of George III. Series I. Vol. i.

Lord Brougham writes:[1] "It has been said of him [Fox], we believe by Mr. Frere, that he was the wittiest speaker of his times; and they were the times of Sheridan and of Windham. This was Mr. Canning's opinion, and it was also Mr. Pitt's." Lord Brougham moreover considers that it is ridiculous to doubt Fox was a far closer reasoner and a much more argumentative speaker than Demosthenes; though he thinks Demosthenes might have surpassed Fox had he lived in our times and had to address an English House of Commons. According to him, Fox was ever best in reply: his opening speeches were almost always unsuccessful: the one in 1805 upon the Catholic Question (already referred to[2]) being a great exception. But, be it matter of opening speeches or of speeches in reply, as Lord Erskine, quoted by Lord Russell,[3] says, "in the most imperfect relics of Fox's speeches, *the bones of a giant are to be discovered.*" Burke, also quoted by Lord Russell,[4] says he was "the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw." To the eloquence and fire of his expressions he added a fine pronunciation of English, which

[1] Statesmen of the Time of George III. Series I. Vol. i.
[2] See p. 104.
[3] Russell's Life and Times of C. J. Fox. Vol. iii. chap. lxx.
[4] Ibid.

language he used in all its beauty and richness without borrowing from any other. And his voice, though of small compass and almost shrill, was sometimes sweet and even powerful. His greatest speeches were probably those in 1791 on the Russian armament, on Parliamentary Reform in 1797, and on the renewal of the war in 1803. He himself preferred the last.[1]

Whether or not people are enthusiastic about Fox's eloquence, he is held up to students of oratory as a model, and Brougham recommends Macaulay to pore over the beginning of the speech on the Westminster Scrutiny till he has it by heart. His speeches, so much admired at the time, so little read now, would appear to have partaken of his own treatment of the future; for, characteristically with his extravagance, he seems never to have looked beyond the age in which he lived.

In concluding the subject of Fox's eloquence, how can we do better than cite part of Lord Russell's quotation from Lord Erskine?

"This extraordinary person [Fox], then, in rising generally to speak, had evidently no more premeditated the particular language he should employ, nor

[1] Brougham, Statesmen of the Time of George III. Series I. Vol. i.

frequently the illustrations and images by which he should discuss and enforce his subject, than he had contemplated the hour he was to die; and his exalted merit as a debater in Parliament did not, therefore, consist in the length, variety, or roundness of his periods, but in the truth and vigour of his conceptions; in the depth and extent of his information; in the retentive powers of his memory, which enabled him to keep in constant view not only all he had formerly read and reflected on, but everything said at the moment, and even at other times, by the various persons whose arguments he was to answer; in the faculty of spreading out his matter so clearly to the grasp of his own mind as to render it impossible he should ever fail in the utmost clearness and distinctness to others; in the exuberant fertility of his invention, which spontaneously brought forth his ideas at the moment in every possible shape, by which the understanding might sit in the most accurate judgment upon them; whilst, instead of seeking afterwards to enforce them by cold premeditated illustrations or by episodes which, however beautiful, only distract attention, he was accustomed to repass his subject, not methodically, but in the most unforeseen and fascinating review, enlightening

every part of it, and binding even his adversaries in a kind of spell, for the moment, of involuntary assent. . . . ."[1]

It will perhaps sound like a paradox, but Fox's mind was too large to have room for pettiness; and as envy is the pettiest of passions, so it never entered into his organization. He gave his rival, Pitt, the admiration that was due to him, and spoke of a speech, made by the latter during the debates on a war with France, as of one that would have excited the envy and admiration of Demosthenes.

In this particular, each great man proved himself worthy of the other; for Pitt, like all Fox's political opponents, ever entertained a high respect towards him. He once shortly answered a member of the House who was abusing a speech of Fox: "Don't disparage it; nobody could have made it but himself!"

The sense of impartiality by which Fox rendered justice to his great rival was derived from the extreme love of truth which was an essential point in his character. True to himself as to others, he showed himself such as he was; affectation and he were totally at variance; and who does not know the charm that nature imparts to everyday life? With him it was not only exemplified in public, but also

[1] Russell's Life and Times of C. J. Fox. Vol. iii. chap. lxx.

in private; for, unlike those who keep their best dresses and their best behaviour for strangers or bare acquaintances, he carried the simplicity of his manner, the perfection of his sense, and the charm of his wit, into the society of his most intimate friends, and even of his home-circle.

A pleasing trait in his character was his unsuspicious benevolence. One day he had gone with his brother, General Fox, to witness Lunardi make his first balloon ascent in England. As a matter of course the crowd was a field for pickpockets. Fox happening to put his hand upon his watch, found somebody else similarly occupied, with a less legitimate right. From the hand he looked to the face, and said kindly, "My friend, you have chosen an occupation which will be your ruin at last." The answer was enough to change his gentle reproof into substantial sympathy: "O, Mr. Fox, forgive me, and let me go! I have been driven to this course by necessity alone; my wife and children are starving at home." Fox's reply was a guinea, which he placed in the thief's hand. But generosity is not always reciprocal; and after the sight was over, when Fox once more wished to know what o'clock it was, he discovered that the man had made the present complete by adding the watch to the guinea. Fox's surprise found

vent in words: "Good God, my watch is gone!" "Yes," coolly answered General Fox, "I know it is; I saw your friend take it." "Saw him take it! and you made no attempt to stop him?" "Really, you and he appeared to be on such good terms with each other, that I did not choose to interfere."

It may be said that he countenanced duelling in much the same way as he countenanced theft. Mr. Adam (M.P. for Gatton, Surrey) taking offence at something Fox had said, and not receiving the explanation demanded, a duel ensued; but rather a one-sided duel: Fox, desired by Mr. Adam to fire, answered, "Sir, I have no quarrel with you; do you fire." Mr. Adam fired and wounded Fox, probably without knowing he had done so, and Fox fired without effect. But Mr. Adam still demanded reparation, which Fox still refused. So shots were again exchanged. This time Fox fired his pistol in the air, and followed the act by declaring that, which, had he declared it in the first instance, might have prevented the duel. Mr. Adam said, "Sir, you have behaved like a man of honour."[1]

It would be, however, erroneous to say that Fox's morals were unexceptionable; although it might be added, with more justice than charity, that in those

[1] Annual Register, Nov. 30, 1779.

days, rigid morality amongst men was rather the exception than the rule. What we prefer here to mention is, that he became a devoted husband; and, as we know from a holy source that love earns forgiveness, so we feel sure that the errors to which he long yielded were condoned in virtue of the tenderness which to the last he showed his wife. On the day upon which he completed his fiftieth year, he addressed the following verses to her. Let us hope they were as sincere as they are well-turned:—

"Of years I have now half a century past,
And none of the fifty so blest as the last.
How it happens my troubles thus daily should cease,
And my happiness thus with my years should increase,
This defiance of Nature's more general laws,
You alone can explain, who alone are the cause."[1]

And at the board where there was sentiment, there could also be dry wit. One day, accusing himself of being a bad carver, and Mrs. Fox confirming the accusation, he quietly replied, "Yes, my dear, I thought you'd agree with me." Mrs. Fox said that the only fault she could find with him was his aversion to music. The utmost she could say for him was that he *could* read Homer whilst she played and sang to herself. But whatever

[1] Russell's Life and Times of C. J. Fox. Vol. iii. chap. lvi.

may have been their dissimilarity of tastes, she was an attentive—almost too attentive—wife to him.

In the Diaries and Letters of Sir George Jackson, recently published, there is mention of a visit which Sir George, then Mr., Jackson, on the 7th of September, 1806, paid Charles James Fox, in order to receive the instructions of the great Foreign Secretary before proceeding on a mission abroad. Mr. Jackson says:—

"He received me at ten o'clock the next morning in his bedroom, and though looking wretchedly ill, conversed more cheerfully and freely than I had expected; but I fear I was far less impressed by the seriousness of his illness than I otherwise should have been from the ludicrous turn given to our interview by Mrs. Fox, who, on my arrival, as I afterwards discovered, had slipped into a closet, *en déshabille*. Either she feared that the subject of our conversation, on which Mr. Fox spoke with much earnestness, and at times even with animation, was leading him on to exertion his strength was unequal to, or she soon grew very weary of it; for I had not been long in the room when she began, and kept up, a continuous *sotto voce* coughing and hemming. This passed unheeded by Mr. Fox; but just as I was about to take leave of him, Mrs. Fox had become so impatient that,

unable to bear her imprisonment any longer, she rapped on the door, and in a piping, complaining tone called out, 'Mr. Fox, Mr. Fox, my dear, the young man's gone, I think? Can't I come out, my dear? I'm so very, very cold.' He looked at me with a languid smile; bade me good-bye, and, in the kindest manner, wished me a prosperous journey and success through life."[1]

As we have already mentioned, some of Fox's latter years were spent in retirement at St. Anne's Hill, where he divided his time between rural occupations and study. The freshness of mind shown by the great statesman in his declining years would be a fit lesson for the young people of our day, who, tired by excitement, and despising simplicity, profess themselves disgusted with life before they have tasted of half its enjoyments. We would advise them to study the intimate country-life of Fox, to hear him greet the return of the familiar landscape, exclaiming with childish eagerness, after he had watched a thick mist gradually disperse from over the Chertsey hills: "Good morning to you! I am glad to see you again."

He admired nature, and loved children. But he

[1] Diaries and Letters of Sir George Jackson, K.C.H. London, 1873. Vol. ii. pp. 3, 4.

could enjoy the beautiful in art, even if, while contemplating a fine canvas, his thoughts recurred to a living landscape. Traversing one day with Rogers the Picture Gallery in the Louvre, he suddenly turned and looked out of the window, remarking regretfully, "This hot sun will burn up my turnips at St. Anne's Hill."

He had a touching devotion for his old haunts, and Burke justly remarked of him, "Yes, he is like a cat,—he is fond of the house, though the family be gone." Shortly before he died, he went to Holland House and walked over all the grounds, looking tenderly at each familiar spot, as if he wished to carry through the gates of death the impressions engraved on his soul during his childhood. A man uniting as he did simplicity of mind with brilliancy of intellect, calm indifference with determinate energy, large-minded generosity with acute sharpness, and sparkling wit with solid wisdom, was not only, as the same Burke, his enemy and quondam friend, said, "a man made to be loved," but also to be admired.

Many years after his death a fête was given at Chiswick House. Two of his friends, Samuel Rogers and Robert Adair, were sauntering through the apartments, and Adair said to Rogers, "In

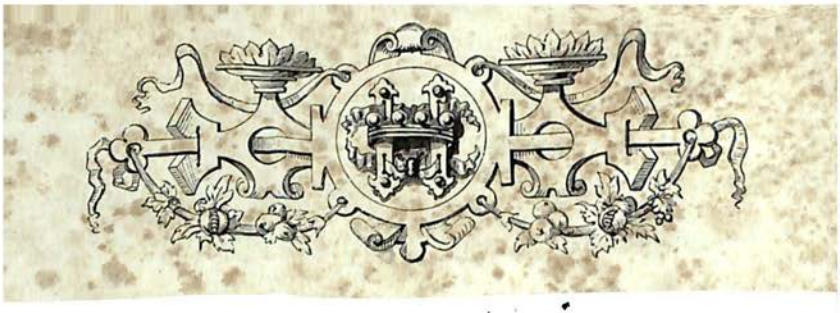
which room did Fox expire?" "In this very room." And Adair burst into a vehement flood of tears.

If it is a blessing that, in joyful moments, we cannot foretell sorrows which may come and overshadow the very scenes of our joy, it is often also a blessing, in moments of light-heartedness, not to know the heart-rendings of which the very spot we are in has been the scene. And yet, thus, while we stand between the mist of the future and the gulf of the past, we constantly overlook that of which alone we can make sure, ever drifting though it be—the ground of the present.[1]

[1] Many of the anecdotes concerning Fox in this chapter will be found corroborated in Rogers's "Table Talk" (Dyce), a book now, unfortunately, out of print.



Seal of C. J. Fox.



CHAPTER IV.

THE THIRD, AND THE FOURTH LORD HOLLAND.

"Nephew of Fox, and friend of Grey,—
Enough my meed of fame
If those who deign'd to observe me say
I injured neither name."

THE above lines were found on the third Lord Holland's dressing-table after his death, written in his handwriting a short time before; and the aspiration in them was well expressed as it was well founded. Certainly, far from sullying the name of his uncle or his friend, he proved himself worthy of both.

Henry Richard, third Lord Holland, was born at Winterslow House (Wilts) on the 21st of November, 1773, and narrowly escaped being burnt with the house a few months afterwards. His father dying

when he was only thirteen months old, he laboured under the immense disadvantage of never sitting in the House of Commons; of this disadvantage, however, the ill effects were greatly counteracted by his political education. Trained by Fox, he turned the faults of his predecessors into so many warnings to himself, and rose to great distinction. Like Fox, he had an especial quickness of perception for the unsound part of an adversary's argument, and thus, like Fox, his chief excellence lay in reply rather than in statement. While with the rapidity of lightning he struck weak points, he became entangled in the very abundance of his ideas, and sometimes paused over the choice of his expressions. Thus, hesitation which in many arises from poverty, in him was produced by richness. He was a born debater, and had a love for discussion as Thomas Diafoirus had a love for dissection.

On first entering the House of Lords, he had but little opportunity for cultivating this taste: debate there had already become a mere form, as even on important nights the minority often mustered only six or seven peers in a house of only some eighty or ninety. On the occasion of his first speech he was one of a minority of six against a majority of seventy-three.

Lord Holland's political career is an open book, the pages of which we can always turn over without ever finding a blot. During forty years, sincere and consistent with himself as with others, he was the constant protector of the oppressed and the indefatigable champion of true liberty, whilst neither prejudice nor interest could ever make him deviate from integrity's straight path; and even those who politically disagree with him, must admire his consistency.

With regard to his official life, it need only be mentioned that Lord Holland was for some time Lord Privy Seal in the Administration of All the Talents; and that he was three times Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster: once under Lord Grey and twice under Lord Melbourne. Politically, he was an earnest and persevering advocate for Parliamentary Reform. In April 1800, he made a motion, unsuccessfully, with the view of abrogating the Catholic disabilities. In May of the same year he opposed the Union of Great Britain and Ireland. In August 1806, he was sworn of the Privy Council and appointed one of the plenipotentiaries for settling the various matters in dispute between Great Britain and the United States. In 1811 he successfully opposed the Dissenters' Bill introduced by Lord Sidmouth.

He protested against England's course at the Congress of Verona (1822); and when, in 1825, the Catholic Association agitated with formidable effect for emancipation, and the Tories tried to remove the effect without suppressing the cause, the view he took and the opinions he expressed were consistent with liberty in constitution and liberality in religion. Consistent too with these was his aid in 1828 to the abolition of the Test and Corporation Acts.

But the pre-eminent distinction of his political life was his steadfast and almost single-handed defence of Napoleon. An incidental mention in a single instance by Lanfrey may explain vividly enough Lord Holland's course in the debate (Jan. 28, 1800) on the King's message respecting the celebrated overture for Peace made by Napoleon to him: "L'ardente philippique de Grenville entraîna l'Assemblée à l'immense majorité de 92 voix contre 6, en dépit des protestations du duc de Bedford, et de lord Holland qui excita le rire de la Chambre en se portent garant de la *sincérité* de Bonaparte."[1] Always opposing any measure of the House which he considered either unjust or ungenerous, Lord Holland remained constant to Napoleon

[1] Lanfrey: Napoléon I. Vol. ii. chap. ii.

after fortune had deserted him, and he violently resisted that which, in defiance of good faith, consigned the great man to a living grave. The unbounded and life-long admiration which Lord Holland entertained for him is but one additional proof of the spell which Napoleon possessed, and of which he made so unjustifiable a use in his relations towards Pius VII. Of Lord Holland's private friendship and consideration for Napoleon there will be proof in another part of this work, which treats of the Napoleonic mementoes in Holland House.

Lord Holland was passionately fond of literature, and having, on more than one occasion, spent a considerable time in Spain, he not only became deeply interested in Spanish politics, but also cultivated Spanish authors. He said he had been induced to learn Spanish by what Hayley had written concerning the poet Ercilla. Lord Holland has been called the best informed and most elegant of our writers on the subject of the Spanish Theatre, and his love for Spanish literature is proved by the great collection of Spanish authors he left in Holland House, as well as by the Spanish plays he translated, and by the memoir he wrote of Lope de Vega. This work, originally published in 1806, was republished in 1817, accompanied by a

life of Guillen de Castro. It has been deservedly praised for its classical purity, and is calculated to develop, as it sets forth, good taste.

Lord Holland has also left: "Foreign Reminiscences," in which his great admiration for Napoleon is conspicuous, but which perhaps in other respects rather prove his readiness than his careful writing; "Memoirs of the Whig Party," from which we have so freely quoted; and a biographical sketch of Sheridan. Of his "Political Opinions" Macaulay speaks in the following terms:—". . . it is a book which, even if it had been the work of a less distinguished man, or had appeared under circumstances less interesting, would have well repaid an attentive perusal. It is valuable, both as a record of principles and as a model of composition. We find in it all the great maxims which, during more than forty years, guided Lord Holland's public conduct, and the chief reasons on which those maxims rest, condensed into the smallest possible space, and set forth with admirable perspicuity, dignity, and precision."[1]

His taste for versification showed itself rather precociously. Here is what Horace Walpole says of his verses in a letter to the Countess of Ossory:—

[1] Macaulay's Essays.

"BERKELEY SQUARE, *Dec.* 30, 1789.

"Though I have nothing but thanks for Lord Holland's verses to send you, madam, I must send them. I am extremely pleased with his variety of metres, and, if I may decide, prefer his heroics. If I may criticise, his trochaics are not always perfect, now and then wanting a syllable, as in 'I resolve to perform whatever's my duty,' and the next, and in one or two others. I do not delight in that measure, but at least it should be complete to the ear. He is excellent in rhymes, and so is Lord Ossory, too, whose poetry I am very glad to have gained, by the by. It is refreshing to read natural easy poetry, full of sense and humour, instead of that unmeaning, laboured, painted style, now in fashion, of the Della Cruscas and Co., of which it is impossible ever to retain a couplet, no more than one could remember how a string of emeralds and rubies were placed in a necklace. Poetry has great merit, if it is the vehicle and preservative of sense, but it is not to be taken in change for it.

"I do not, certainly, mean to pay Lord Holland for his verses, by sending him my fourth volume, which, though in prose, is no work of sense; it is merely to complete his set of a register; and he

shall have it, if your ladyship will be so good as to tell me how to convey it.

"A knock at the door saves your ladyship and me from adding any nonsense to my letter."[1]

This is encouraging: but, from verses of his found in Holland House, he would seem later to have excelled less in poetry than in prose; and as he himself used to say that the sign of the true poet consists in being able to write from impression, it is not unnatural to think that his poetical zenith was in his most impressionable age.

The following sonnet of his was sent to the *Times* by Sir R. Wilson (November 15, 1827), and apparently not accepted:—

"May sudden ruin and all woe betide
The shallow statesmen and the seeming wise,
Who dread in other nations' liberties
Some distant mischief to their country's pride,
And view reviving Greece with jealous eyes.
Ill do they judge of England, ill would guide
Her state, who falsely deem her power allied
To widespread wrongs and miscreant dynasties.
But sager she hath taught her virtuous sons
Of late, such mongrel wisdom to disdain.
Man's welfare must be hers—through every vein
In this large world where freedom's current runs,
Her heart draws vigor, and her commerce gain;
She joys with rescued Greece, she droops with fallen Spain."[2]

[1] Horace Walpole, Letters to the Countess of Ossory.
[2] Notes and Queries. Nov. 18, 1871.

Lord Holland had one characteristic in common with every true poet: breadth. Unlike some of our stolid John Bulls, who, even travelling, carry about as a perpetual standard of reference the dimensions of their own narrow circle; unlike also those who fly into the opposite extreme, and, for a standard of reference, carrying about shame of their country, with English habits vainly ape foreign manners—Lord Holland enjoyed the Continent, and, when he left it, was all the more fit for his own home. After enjoying, and profiting by, his travels, he returned to England in 1796, and restored Holland House.

He restored it in two ways: he restored it practically, under Mr. Saunders, fitting it up at great expense for his own habitation; and he restored it intellectually by bringing together those wits and geniuses who invested it with greater brilliancy than it had enjoyed even in the days of Addison.

The circle of Holland House was a cosmopolitan one, and Holland House was among houses what England is amongst nations—a common ground, where all opinions could freely breathe.

Much as people are wont to regret the number of their years, who would not gladly now be half a century older to have formed part of that circle, and heard the brilliant passages of wit and intellect

which passed, and too often passed away, within those walls! A list furnished by Elizabeth, Lady Holland to Sir James Mackintosh, helps us in enumerating some of the names which have thus immortalized the house :—

Macaulay, who, much in the same spirit that he talks, in his review on Ranke, of the New Zealander taking his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, alludes in rather a cold-blooded manner to the possibility of Holland House disappearing beneath railways and squares. But, thank Heaven, such an eventuality is not likely during its present mistress's tenure. Macaulay painted a brilliant picture of the society at Holland House, and from the picture excluded the artist; let this poor tribute to his work humbly indicate what he omitted.

Sheridan, the wit, the genius, whose faults have been described as almost all of a poetical character—the excesses of generous virtues.

Sir Philip Francis, whose supposed authorship of "Junius" places him in historical interest on a level with the wearer of the iron mask.

Blanco White, the Spanish renegade priest, who, under the pseudonym of Don Leucado Doblado, was the author of "Doblado's Letters" written in 1823,

three of which in his own handwriting figure among the autographs of Holland House.

Doctor Parr, whose attainments and Whig principles gave him fame, and whose horror of the east wind was such that Tom Sheridan once kept him in the house for a fortnight by fixing the weathercock in an easterly direction. His admiration for Charles James Fox, of whom he published "Characters," entitles him to special mention here. Amongst his friends, he was a sort of despot; but he was a friend worth having. One day, Mackintosh having vexed him by calling O'Coigly "a rascal," Parr immediately rejoined: "Yes, Jimmy, but he might have been worse; he was an Irishman, and he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest, and he might have been a lawyer; he was a rebel, and he might have been an apostate."

Byron, who dedicated to Lord Holland the "Bride of Abydos." Before that, he had written of Lord Holland:

> "Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot,
> His hirelings mention'd, and himself forgot!
> Holland, with Henry Petty at his back,
> The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.
> Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
> Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!
> Long, long beneath that hospitable roof
> Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof."[1]

[1] English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

This he afterwards regretted, as is evident from a paragraph in his journal (Nov. 17, 1813):—

"... I *did* think at the time, that my cause of enmity proceeded from Holland House, and am glad I was wrong, and wish I had not been in such a hurry with that confounded Satire, of which I would suppress even the memory; ..."[1]

George Ellis, of the *Anti-Jacobin*, the writer who changed his politics, and was right for what he did, if conviction guided him.

Wollaston, the scientific physician.

Mr. Crauford, who, after his return from the East, resided chiefly in France, and published several works in French and in English: "*Mélanges de Littérature*," "Researches concerning the Laws, Theology, Learning, Commerce, of ancient and modern India;" &c.

Edwards, the opponent of Wilberforce, and historian of the West Indies.

Lord Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Lewis, called after his famous book, Monk Lewis.

Payne Knight, the great scholar and antiquary, who left his splendid collection of antique art to the British Museum.

[1] Given as a note to "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

Sir John Newport, the Irish M.P., Privy Councillor, and Chancellor of Exchequer.

Dumont, the publicist, the friend and helper of Mirabeau and of Jeremy Bentham, the latter of whom quarrelled with him about a trifle. Dumont made rather a good epigram after Scott had published his "Life of Napoleon":—

"Mauvais romancier quand il écrit l'histoire,
Habile historien quand il fait des romans,
S'il invente, il faut le croire,
S'il raconte, méfiez-vous en."[1]

Four great Lord Chancellors: Thurlow, who died the same year as Pitt and Fox. Eldon, celebrated for his prosecution of Queen Caroline. Brougham, equally celebrated for her defence. And Lyndhurst, who belongs to the old world and to the new, as he does to the last century and to the present; and whose name, if even in one sense extinct, must still last for all time.

Sir Humphry Davy, the great chemist who has left us works and discoveries, and whose name is perpetuated in the miners' safety-lamp.

Count Rumford (Sir Benjamin Thompson), the scientific philanthropist, and, we might almost add, cosmopolitan. Certainly he was a very universal

[1] Furnished to us orally, by a friend.

man. An American by birth, an English knight, and a Count of the Holy Roman Empire; though his greatest political position may have been in Bavaria, he has a valid claim to celebrity in England as one of the founders of the Royal Institution.

Lord Aberdeen:

"The travell'd Thane, Athenian Aberdeen."[1]

Lord Moira, whose fluent speaking Curran called "airing his vocabulary;" and who was afterwards Governor-General of India and Marquis of Hastings.

Mr. Frere (the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere), for some time, during the early part of the present century, British Minister in Spain. Like his host, he was an accomplished translator of Spanish. But his most popular claim to literary renown will probably be his joint authorship with Canning of "The Needy Knife-grinder," more so than his character of Whistlecraft, Lord Byron's confessed immediate model for "Beppo."

Whitbread, the distinguished politician and adherent of Charles James Fox.

Lord Macartney, who made an embassy to China. He is one of the people of whom it is said that,

[1] Byron: English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

taking a hint from the King, he learnt Spanish, and informing his Majesty of the fact, was answered, that he would now be able to read Don Quixote in the original.

The Duke of Richmond, a very Conservative name in a very Whig circle.

Charles James Fox, of course.

Hare, who, coming after Fox, recalls the latter's pun to the bailiffs, mentioned in the preceding chapter.[1]

Fitzpatrick and Lord Ossory, whom we might call part of the family.

Grattan, who, though he looked upon office as slavery, was a most distinguished Irish statesman during a most important part of Irish history. He was so full of true courtesy that he made a point even of returning the bow of a child; and was so fond of walking with Rogers, that Mrs. Grattan once said to him rather angrily, "You'll be taken for Mr. Rogers's shadow."

Curran, the embodiment of Irish wit and humour.

Whishaw, whose sense made his opinions valuable to have and also difficult to obtain.

Sir Thomas Maitland, Lord High Commissioner for the affairs of India; he was deemed a despot,

[1] See page 118.

and nicknamed "King Tom." And his relation "Citizen Maitland," Earl of Lauderdale, who, from being a Red Republican, became a red-hot Tory.

Windham, the great orator and statesman, and friend of Burke.

Sir Gilbert Elliot, first Lord Minto, Governor-General of India and Viceroy of Corsica.

The last Lord Egremont.

Sir Samuel Romilly, Master of the Rolls, whose name will rather be transmitted to posterity as the great reformer of English jurisprudence.

Sir William Grant, also Master of the Rolls.

Sir John Leach, the Vice-Chancellor.

Sir Arthur Pigott, Attorney-General.

Monroe, afterwards President of the United States.

Washington Irving, the American author and diplomatist.

Pictet, the gifted Genevese.

Francis d'Ivernois, his contemporary and countryman.

Ingenhouz, the Dutch physicist.

Calonne, whose literary efforts in England were probably more successful than his administration of finance in his own country; and whose dying words to his physician, written when he could no longer speak, are worthy of being recorded "Tu m'as assas-

siné, et si tu es honnête homme, tu renonceras à la médecine pour jamais."

Palmella, the Portuguese politician.

Count Molé, the French statesman and author.

Pozzo di Borgo, the Corsican; or shall we say Frenchman?

Prince and Princess Lieven. We shall talk of the latter further on, in connection with her portrait.

Count de Creptowitch, the Russian diplomatist.

Montholon and Bertrand, the staunch friends of Napoleon, who were faithful to him in his misfortunes as in his triumphs. Montholon, who, in pursuance with the great exile's wish, closed his eyes after death. And Bertrand, whose devotion to his master was equalled by his obedience to his wife; so great was this, that Napoleon said of him, "Bertrand est un parfait honnête homme, mais il a un caractère de vache."

Lally Tollendal, the Frenchman of Irish origin, early distinguished by his successful efforts to rehabilitate the memory of his unjustly executed father!

The two Humboldts, whose researches, far from unfitting them for pleasant company, enabled them to make pleasant company pleasanter. William Humboldt perhaps did not talk much Chinese at

Kensington, and it is possible that his brother Alexander did not there make many scientific discoveries; but we may safely infer they did not waste their time when they came in contact with the wisdom and learning of Holland House.

Talleyrand, the diplomatic wit and witty diplomatist, who cared not which party he supported, provided it was the stronger.

The Duke of Clarence (William the Fourth).

The Duc d'Orléans, afterwards Louis Philippe.

The Duc de Montpensier.

The Marquis de Rivière.

Prince Bariatinsky.

The Duchesse de Guiche, and her brother, Prince Jules de Polignac.

Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire.

Metternich, the great statesman of the past generation.

Canova, the sculptor.

Tom Moore, the poet.

The two Erskines, Henry and Thomas.

Monseigneur de Cicé, Archbishop of Bordeaux.

Bannister and Kemble, of the boards.

Madame de Staël, who in graceful French painted Italy, and in solid French digested German literature.

We have given a long list, but far from a com-

plete one. For from 1799 till 1840 there was hardly in England a distinguished man in politics, science, or literature who had not been a guest at Holland House. In fact, beginning the list with C. J. Fox and Lewis, and ending it with Lord John Russell, Lord Melbourne, and Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton, we shall have the goodly company all in a net.

And the brilliancy of the *salon* did not throw into shade the intimate home-circle; indeed, this was as a concentration of that. There was Rogers, whose exquisite taste, quiet fun, and extensive information made intercourse with him so pleasant; while his sense of integrity, his kind heart, and his good character made friendship with him so safe.

Perhaps even more conspicuous was Sydney Smith, with his ponderous figure and his ever-ready jokes, which latter his unflagging spirits followed up by an unsophisticated laugh. His wit was inexhaustible. According to tradition, even the hand of death did not disturb it. The nurse who tended him in his last illness, confessing to have given him a bottle of ink instead of a bottle of physic, Sydney Smith is reported to have said, "Then bring me all the blotting-paper there is in the house." It has with truth been said: "The great peculiarity of

his works is their singular blending of the beautiful with the ludicrous, and this is the source of his refinement."[1] He was a good writer, a good talker, a good friend, and a good man.

Sydney Smith introduced Dr. John Allen, author of "The Royal Prerogative," into the circle—a circle which Allen helped to keep in health and spirits by his science and good humour. More of him hereafter. He, however, fulfilled the doctor's practice in surviving his patient. After Lord Holland's death, he lived on at Holland House, loved and respected, and he died regretted by all the family.

Then there was Luttrell, whose idea of the English climate was, "On a fine day, like looking up a chimney; on a rainy day, like looking down it."[2] Luttrell, the epicure, who once, marvellous to relate, let the side-dishes pass by; but it was in order to contemplate a man who had failed to laugh at Sydney Smith's jokes.[3] He himself, too, had plenty of original wit: he expressed a dislike for monkeys because they reminded him so of poor relations; and upon being asked whether a well-known bore

[1] From a quotation in Memoir of Sydney Smith, by his daughter. Chap. ii.

[2] Russell: Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. (May 22, 1828.)

[3] Memoir of Sydney Smith, by his daughter. Chap. ix.

had made himself very disagreeable, he answered, musingly: "Why, he was as disagreeable as the occasion would permit."[1]

There was also Horner, "the knight of the shaggy eyebrows," the young lawyer of promise; "the first man," Lord Campbell says, "who ever made the doctrines of political economy intelligible to the House of Commons;"[2] who, had he lived, would, according to the same author, in all probability have been Prime Minister. He was associated with Brougham in his early studies, and wrote contemporaneously with him in the *Edinburgh Review*. The two must have met constantly at Holland House, where they both were on intimate terms. Brougham was said to be jealous of him; but the knight of the shaggy eyebrows proved no formidable rival, for he filled an early grave.

And we must not forget Mackintosh, one of the few great talkers worth listening to, though Coleridge did not do him justice, and he probably did not do justice to himself. In the Holland House circle he is to us as a key-stone; for he contemplated, and indeed began, an account of Holland House, from the

[1] Memoir of Sydney Smith, by his daughter. Chap. xi.

[2] Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors. (Lord Chancellor Brougham.) Chap. ii.

manuscript of which, as our readers will have seen, we have already borrowed, as we have also done from papers at Holland House proving that he corresponded with Lady Holland upon the subject of his intended work.

The family circle of Holland House in those days should be painted from a pallet loaded with rich colours, and from that pallet we would take the most delicate hues, the tenderest tints, and try to delineate an angel in the circle. True to her angelic mission, she brought gladness and shed peace; while, not unmindful of human duties, she shared her friends' joys and wept at their sorrows. Her heart was a refuge for the desolate: with instinctive tact, she would seek out sufferers, attract them to herself, and comfort them. Her understanding was a safe guide for the perplexed: with fine perception, she would enter into a friend's difficulty, make it her own, and lighten it. Simplicity and purity of heart were hers; her very contact imparted goodness; her presence, sunshine. A woman in the best sense of the word; such was the dear "Aunty" of that family, Miss Fox.

Not very unlike her, in goodness and kindliness, was her brother, the master of Holland House. Devoted to literature and art, he welcomed authors

and artists with cordial affability. Well versed in the politics of Europe, he entertained statesmen and diplomatists of all nations with cosmopolitan fairness. Himself a wit and a humorist, he greeted with fellow-feeling the most brilliant men of the day. But while he enjoyed and preferred the society of choice spirits, while with him absence could not extinguish friendship, his benevolence and courtesy made him extend a kind reception to all who came to Holland House.

His genial, yet thoughtful, face, uniting good humour with intellect, bore upon it a pleasant, though not monotonous, smile; from beneath his ample forehead and massive brow, a clear eye shone forth in testimony to mental power; while, from out his kindly mouth, came words which reassured the most timid, without disturbing the dignity of the most formal.

In a very different way did Lady Holland wield her sceptre. Beautiful, clever, and well informed, she exercised a natural authority over those around her. But a habit of contradiction—which, it is fair to add, she did not mind being reciprocated upon herself—occasionally lent animation, not to say animosity, to the arguments in which she engaged. It is easy for some natures to say a

disagreeable thing, but it is not always easy to carry a disagreeable thing off cleverly. This Lady Holland could do.

It must have been curious to see her coolly order about the clever men of the day who were accustomed to being courted by others. In the midst of some of Macaulay's interesting anecdotes, she would tap on the table with her fan, and say, "Now, Macaulay, we have had enough of this, give us something else." She would issue commands to Sydney Smith; but once he retorted. Said she, "Sydney, ring the bell." He answered, "Oh yes! and shall I sweep the room?"

She was not always encouraging to literary stars. One or two must have winced beneath her remarks.

Tom Moore was writing a book which he fondly thought would be lively and amusing. When he was dining at Holland House and sitting next Lady Holland, she said to him, "This will be a dull book of yours, this 'Sheridan,' I fear."[1] Moore tried to defend his work; but we imagine that Lady Holland, like most women on such occasions, had the best, or, at all events, the last, of it.

To Lord Porchester, her *frankness* went still

[1] Russell: Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. London. (June 2, 1825.)

greater lengths: "I am sorry to hear you are going to publish a poem. Can't you suppress it?"[1]

But she was a good friend, after all. At least, Tom Moore, to whom we have seen she was not always over courteous, says: "There are some fine points about Lady Holland; she is a warm and active friend, and I should think her capable of *high-mindedness* upon occasions."

At all events, she must have added a quaint and original element to the intellectual battery in Holland House; and even without saying a good thing, she often provoked one. One day, insisting upon Lord Alvanley tasting some "cup" which she had made according to a particular recipe of her own, without claret or champagne, she asked him what he thought of it; and his answer was about as discouraging a one as she herself could have given: "Kensington nettles."

She was rather fond of crowding her dinner-table. Once, when the company was already tightly-packed, an unexpected guest arrived, and she instantly gave her imperious order: "Luttrell! make room!" "It must certainly be *made*," he answered, "for it does not *exist*."

[1] Russell: Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. London. (June 2, 1825.)

Hopeless indeed were the task of enumerating here all the repartees which have been handed down to us from her dinner-table. Probably, for the greater proportion we are indebted to Sydney Smith, who, always ready with his answers and his jokes, kept even the servants in fits of laughter.

On one occasion, however, at Holland House he was himself set down by the Prince of Wales, then Prince Regent. The conversation having taken the turn of discussing who was the wickedest man that had ever lived, Sydney Smith, addressing himself to the Prince, said, "The Regent Orleans, and he was a Prince." The Prince's answer was short, quiet, and biting. Ignoring even his interlocutor's surname, he said, "I should give the preference to his tutor, the Abbé Dubois, and *he* was a *priest*, Mr. Sydney."

It was quite the exception when Sydney Smith had not the best of it; and in his remarks, too, he frequently managed to say what was deep as well as pointed. A man who had for some time been boasting that he believed in nothing, suddenly expressed enthusiasm at some dish, and asked for another helping of it. "Ah!" said Sydney, "I am glad to see that Mr. —— at all events believes in *the cook*."

Thus wit and wisdom rolled on in an even and varied course, without being monotonous or monopolizing, and not unfrequently conveying instruction.

One day it was Talleyrand who gave the lesson. He entered the library, where several of the Ministers were grouped together, whispering mysteriously, and he spoke thus: "Messieurs, vous parlez à l'oreille. Il faut aller au Club pour apprendre ce que vous dites;" which, according to Lord Grey, he did successfully. And so, if even with a sprinkling of bad temper, he rebuked the common mistake of making a useless mystery. He also epigrammatically censured Lady Holland's dinner-hour (we believe six o'clock, or half-past), which, without preventing her dinners from being crowded, seemed to gain universal disapprobation. Somebody once trying to learn the cause of this inconvenience, sought light from Talleyrand's perspicuity. "I wonder why Lady Holland dines at such an hour!" And Talleyrand with his nasal twang solemnly drawled out, "Pour gêner tout le monde!" Against this verdict there was no appeal.

And in such a lottery of wit, where no one drew a blank, the master of the house was not behindhand; he had a deep knowledge of human nature and a strong sense of the ridiculous. In the same manner that his mimicry was inoffensive, that his wit

did not pain, so his subtlety was in all straightforwardness.

He sent the following epigram to Moore, who mentions it as very good,[1] and many would agree with Moore upon the subject:—

"A minister's answer is always so kind!
I starve, and he tells me, he'll keep me in mind.
Half his promise, God knows, would my spirits restore,—
Let him keep me, and, faith, I will ask for no more."

With such a host and such a circle, we are not astonished that Sydney Smith should have heard "five hundred travelled people assert that there is no such agreeable house in Europe as Holland House,"[2] or that he shared the opinion of the five hundred. With such a host and such a circle, we are not astonished either to find that there was an absence of servility. There was no professional *claqueur*; there was none of that which the French play has so untranslatably rendered by the word *Camaraderie;* no mutual puffing; no exchanged support. There, a man was not unanimously applauded because he was known to be clever, nor was a woman accepted as clever because she was known to receive clever

[1] Russell: Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. (August 29, 1840.)

[2] Letters of Sydney Smith, edited by Mrs. Austin. (Letter 111.)

people. There, praise was not always to be reckoned upon; hence it was valued when received. In short, Holland House was the "proof house" of the literature of the day, and maintained its position from first to last.

Lord Holland was as cheerful under the dreadful sufferings of his last illness as he had ever been in his most robust health. He died at Holland House on the 22nd of October, 1840, deeply and deservedly lamented; for, apart from the intellectual cord by which Lord Holland held bound his coterie, there was that in his heart which secured love. Even we, who never knew him, cannot think with calmness of the dispersion which must have followed his death; or of the void—a void which outbursts of grief could no more fill than sound could replace substance.

The anguish of despair will often best find its expression in *silence;* and therefore it is perhaps that Sydney Smith does not seem to have given vent to his feelings in a profusion of words. Writing to Mrs. Meynell, shortly after Lord Holland's death, he simply says: ". . . It is indeed a great loss to me; but I have learnt to live as a soldier does in war, expecting that, on any one moment, the best and the dearest may be killed before

his eyes. . . ."[1] How much simple pathos, how much true anguish, lie concealed in that short sentence!

The third Lord Holland, also called Lord Vassall Holland, from the name of his wife, was succeeded by his son. We may not perhaps speak of the fourth Lord Holland as of a great statesman, as of a great philosopher; but (we humbly crave pardon of those whose opinion is otherwise) fame is not the link we would care to place between ourselves and the loved ones we have lost. Suffice it for us that we loved and, alas! lost him: suffice it for all who had the happiness of knowing him that they were ever received by him with courteous kindness when they were happy; with noble generosity and graceful delicacy when fortune did not favour them. The memories that attend glory can make our hearts beat with enthusiasm; the memories of genius and of eloquence claim acknowledgment; but the memories of love given to one who carried a charm wherever he went, are the dearest memories to those who mourn for him.

The fourth Lord Holland was British Minister at Florence; but even before his nomination to that post, his travels had given him a love for Italy which

[1] Letters of Sydney Smith, edited by Mrs. Austin. (Letter 463.)

showed itself all his life. His hospitality to political exiles is still too well remembered to require being dwelt upon, though too true to be left unmentioned. Refugees came to England, where hospitality is bestowed without distinction of party, and they came to Holland House, where hospitality abounded in the most intelligent and interesting society.

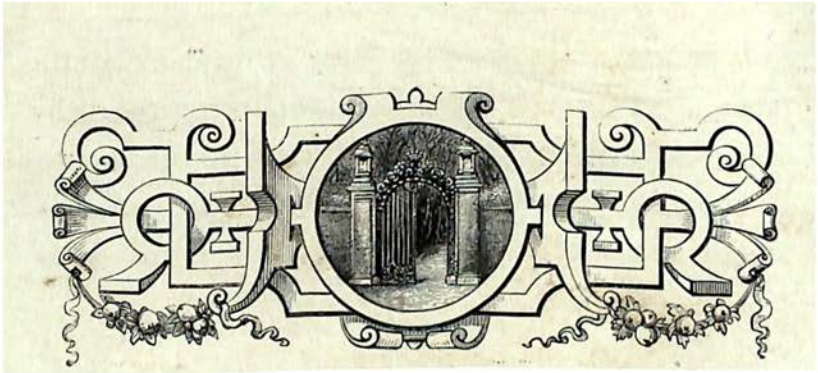
Mention of the fourth Lord Holland will be found incidentally made during the course of this work: at Florence, encouraging art and welcoming artists; at Paris, presiding over an intellectual circle; in Holland House itself, preserving and improving the glorious old fabric, for which he had the greatest affection.

Lord Holland was born on the 7th of March, 1802, and died on the 18th of December, 1859; having married, in 1833, Lady Mary Augusta Coventry, daughter of the eighth Earl of Coventry and of his wife Mary, who was daughter of the fifth Duke of St. Albans. Providence did not grant the fourth Lord Holland to die in England. He breathed his last at Naples, where his tomb now stands, in a pretty chapel raised by the reverential care of his widow.

To write of the living in terms of especial praise when our words can be perused by them, would seem

but flattery. We shall therefore only say about the present hostess of Holland House, what so many know, that she presides in Holland House over a clever and pleasant *salon*, where Englishmen and foreigners assemble, certain to be received with equal grace and amiability.





CHAPTER V.

THE GROUNDS.

On the north side of the Kensington Road, at the end of Phillimore Place, stand the gates of Holland House. They are usually shut to the public, but we will now pass in.

On entering, a fine avenue of elms protects those visitors who, tired with the rumble of carriages, or distracted by the crowd of fellow-creatures, rejoice in being able, even during the height of a London season, to transport themselves at a minute's notice into country calm and space. On the right of the avenue, and parallel with it, is a lane, the use of which, in exchange for a right of way at the south of the House, has been ceded to the public. As we

proceed, bits of the House become visible through the foliage which, at this part of the avenue, picturesquely veils large masses of the building, and breaks the monotony of the red brick. What meets the eye, as those who know the House may recognize from



South view of House, from Drive.

our illustration, belongs to the south side, facing the road, though scarcely to be seen from it. On this side used to be the old entrance which the late Lord Holland changed, building a terrace in front,

displacing the celebrated stone piers by Inigo Jones, and making a new entrance on the east.

But before going further, let us pause to observe that here the wings of the building project from the centre like more than half of an H. That is to say, if the wings extended to the other side, a whole H would be formed by the plan of Holland House, about as accurately as a gridiron is formed by that of the Escorial. It has been suggested that this part of an H, instead of standing for Holland, (we must remember that an Earl of Holland was amongst the first proprietors,) was really meant for an E, which used to be a sign of Elizabethan architecture. Whatever the intention, the effect is charming, and combines some geometrical order with an artistic defiance of strict regularity.

The cloisters, balconies, and ornaments to the House and its centre turret on this side are of stone, which stands out quaintly enough upon a *groundwork* of red bricks.

Two turrets terminate the building; and on the sides those wings project which, by accident or design, have so large a share in the letter H. The cloisters support, on one side, the balcony to Lady Holland's private rooms; on the other, a balcony accessible from the Library; the balustrades of the

balconies representing a design of *fleur de lis*. On the south of the House there are two terraces; one extending only as far as the length of the two wings, and enclosed by a balustrade, while the other —the subject of our illustration—reached from the



Lower Terrace, South Side.

first by a few steps, is lower and much wider, and finished by a wall. Over this wall we may look down upon the fields between it and the Kensington Road.

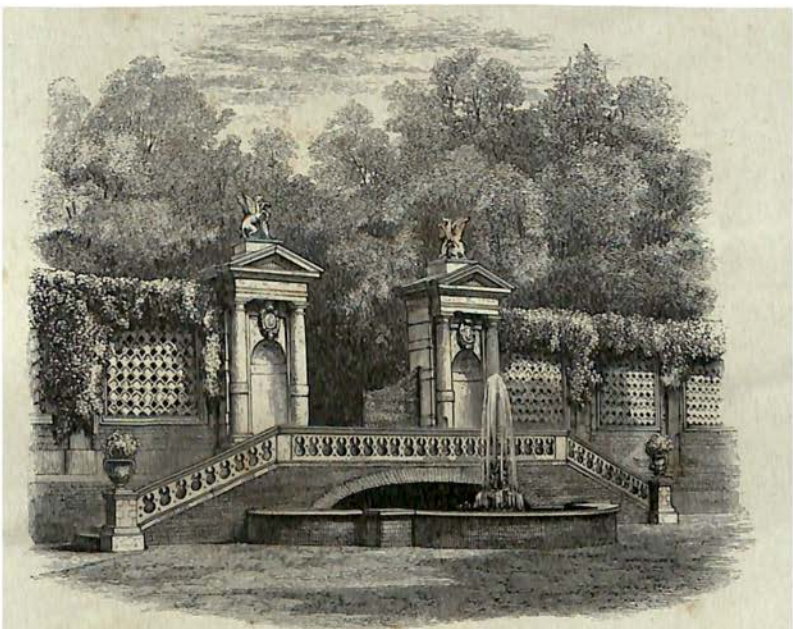
The architecture of Holland House is not remarkably pure, savouring of the later days of Elizabeth

and the early ones of James I. But perhaps those who decline to admire it might be charged with an uncalled-for severity, and certainly there are not in England many piles of brick and stone more worthy of attention.

Leaving to the left a road which goes past the south of the House, and continuing our course up the avenue, a few paces bring us before the present entrance, which faces east. At right angles to it, and as if forming one side of an entrance courtyard, now stands the wall with the two stone piers of Inigo Jones,—Inigo Jones, who was born in 1572, and died in 1652, to whom England is indebted for the original idea of Whitehall, who was architect to Christian IV. of Denmark, was found at Copenhagen by James I. of England, and taken by Queen Anne as her architect to Scotland.[1] This Inigo Jones scarcely seems deserving the epithet bestowed on him by Philip, Earl of Pembroke—"Iniquity Jones."[2] At any rate, the trace he has left of himself at Holland House is to be admired, and the mention of that trace made in Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting[3] may here be cited;—". . . Stone, in 1629, undertook to build for the Earl of

[1] Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting. London, 1849. Pp. 402-3.
[2] Ibid. p. 411.
[3] Ibid. p. 243.

Holland at Kensington, two piers of good Portland stone to hang a pair of great wooden gates; the estimate of the piers (which were designed by Inigo Jones, and are still standing at Holland-house, though removed to greater distance from each



Gateway by Inigo Jones, leading to the Pleasure Grounds.

other) was 100*l.*" They support the arms of Rich, according to the text of an old author, "quartering Bouldry' and impaling Cope." The architectural merit of the piers is not hidden, while their actual beauty is added to, by venerable ivy, which, unlike another clinging-plant—woman—increases in loveli-

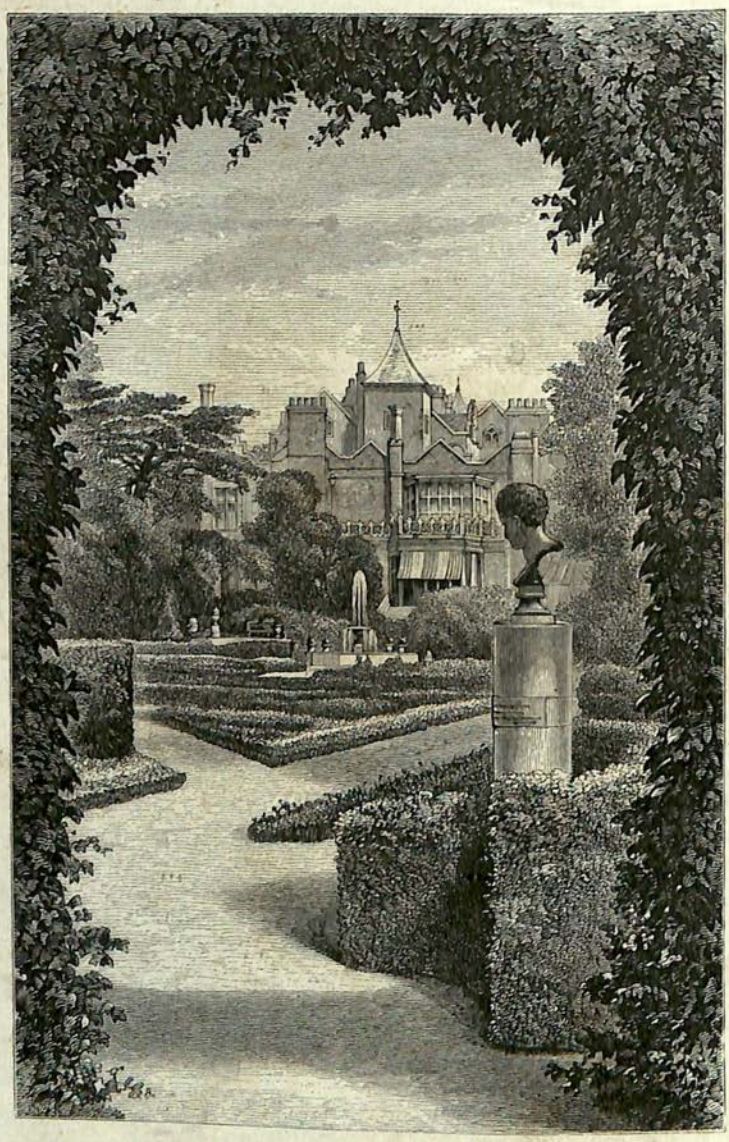
ness as it increases in years. The work of Inigo Jones is reached from the entrance-sweep by a double flight of steps, on either side of a fountain in the wall. These steps lead to the pleasure-grounds, through which we will now take a walk.

Arriving on the north side of the House, we see in



The old Cedar Tree.

front a beautiful lawn, which slopes up gradually into a hill surmounted by an old cedar-tree, many branches of which have been struck by lightning. On the same lawn are other cedar-trees, younger and more strong; but the old cedar-tree crowning the hill stands there proud of its age, proud of its mutilations, like the veteran warrior, whose shattered



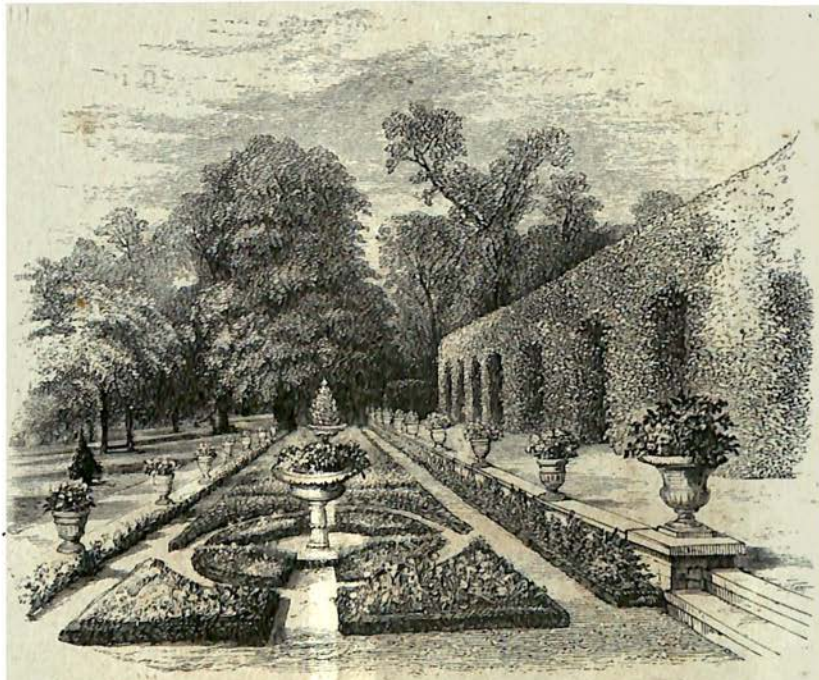
DUTCH GARDEN.

arm and scarred brow command the sympathetic enthusiasm of those around him.

About 80 acres of the estate are unbuilt upon, and fields adjoin the park so effectively that, were it not for the distant hum which reminds us of town life, we could not believe ourselves to be almost in London.

But let us walk on by the House, until, turning to the left, we reach its western and fourth side: a happy mixture of turrets and terraces, to which in summer-time is added a gigantic bouquet of the gayest flowers. This—the subject of our opposite plate—is the Dutch (*quondam* Portuguese) Garden, laid out in that good old-fashioned way so rarely met with now. Flowers, surrounded with a framework of box-edging, form fitful patterns through which, turning from the House, we walk in zigzags. But there is a straight path for those who prefer it, which runs parallel with a high wall making an espalier. Towards the end of this garden is a kind of evergreen curtain formed by an arcade covered with ivy. Through this arcade we notice another flower garden (also Dutch), in which the dahlia stands the monarch of all it surveys. And has it not the right to do so here? For though it owes its name in botany to Dahl, the Swede, does it not owe its existence in England to the third Lady

Holland? She brought seeds of it from Spain, and had them sown in this very garden; whence it appears to have spread over our island.[1] The fact



Dutch Garden, another part.

is commemorated in the following lines, addressed to Lady Holland by the third Lord Holland:—

"The Dahlia you brought to our isle,
Your praises for ever shall speak,
'Mid gardens as sweet as your smile,
And in colours as bright as your cheek."

[1] Dahlias were first introduced into England by Lady Bute in 1789. These having failed, others were brought in 1804 by Lady Holland. These also failing, an importation was made from France in 1814. Some of Lady Bute's and Lady Holland's dahlias are still preserved in the Herbarium at the British Museum.

We have not, however, done with the Arcade. It has a secret which the ivy is trying to keep, and which we will disclose. In the third Lord Holland's time, the stables stood where we are now standing.



Ball-room in Dutch Garden.

They were partly knocked down, and the arches which form this arcade are the picturesque remains of an unpicturesque building.

At the end of the arcade, to the left, is a square-

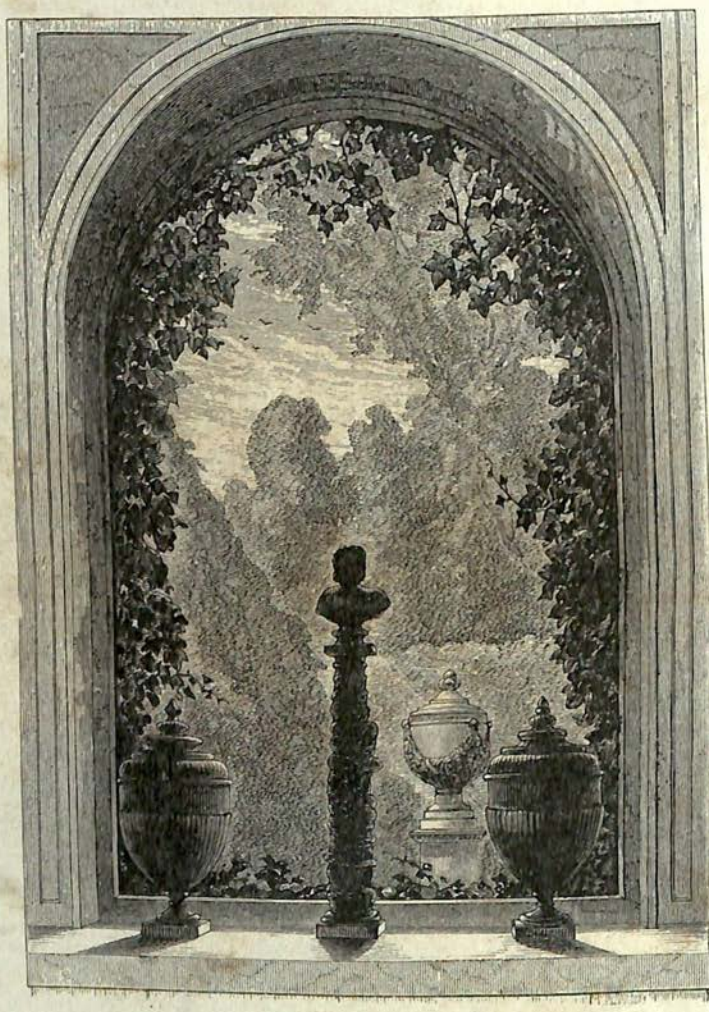
looking edifice surmounted by a terrace, copied from the Italian *loggie*, and a turret, from which another long terrace extends over another arcade, and leads round again to the House. The square-looking edifice is a kind of chapel of ease to the Conservatory. It



Arcade leading from Ball-room.

is technically called the Ball-room, as people used to dance there, but it is probably better known as the Refreshment-room, in which capacity it is used at Lady Holland's breakfasts. In fact, being nearly empty of furniture and having nothing particular in it to spoil,—for its beautiful painted ceiling and its

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VIEW THROUGH BALL-ROOM WINDOW.

fine old Venetian chandelier are above ordinary reach, —it could be employed for a lecture or a revel on the shortest notice, and may be considered, like Mr. Micawber, always ready for something to turn up.

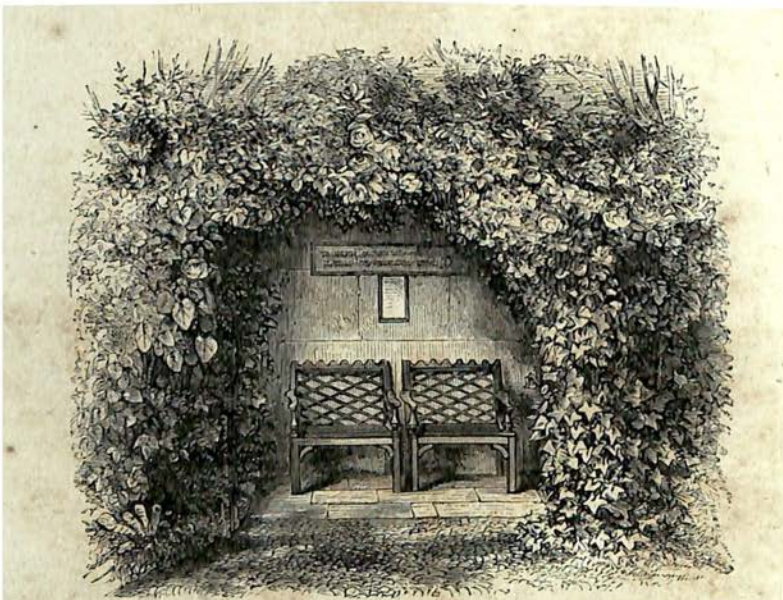
But always better than most things which could turn up, is the view from the window over the fire-place. Seen through a single sheet of glass and framed by the surrounding wall, it were useless attempting to describe the effect of the foliage, varying in hue as in distance, while vases on the chimney-piece mark a foreground of art in happy contrast with a background of nature. The plate on the opposite page is, considering everything, a suggestive representation; though in looking at it our imagination has a good deal to supply.

We must not leave this part of the grounds without turning back to bestow one look upon the Summer-house, called "Rogers's Seat." On either side of it, the family name has been playfully illustrated by the design of a Fox in Box. The rhyme here seems inevitable, as also the reason.

An inscription attracts our attention, bidding us stop on our way, thus:—

"Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
With me, those Pleasures that he sings so well.
"VLL. IID. 1818."

Here, then, a poet rested; and as we listen to the trickling fountain opposite, in the midst of flowers and trees and calm beauty, we would follow the train of his thoughts and dwell with him in the poetical world. But our eyes fall upon other lines which



Rogers's Seat in Dutch Garden.

warn us of the difficulties to such a course. They are in Luttrell's handwriting, and run as follows:—

"How happily sheltered is he who reposes
In this haunt of the Poet, oershadowed with roses,
While the sun is rejoicing unclouded on high;
And summer's full majesty reigns in the sky!
Let me in, and be seated. I'll try if, thus placed,
I can catch but one spark of his feeling and taste,
Can steal a sweet note from his musical strain,
Or a ray of his genius to kindle my brain.

Well now I am fairly installed in the bower.
How lovely the scene! How propitious the hour!
The breeze is perfumed by the hawthorn it stirs;
All is beauty around me—but nothing occurs;
Not a thought, I protest—Tho' I'm *here*, and alone,
Not a line can I hit on that Rogers would own,
Though my senses are ravished, my feelings in tune,
And Holland's my host, and the season is June.
The trial is ended.—Nor garden, nor grove,
Though poets amid them may linger or rove,
Not a seat e'n so hallowed as *this* can impart
The fancy and fire that must spring from the heart.
So I rise, since the Muses continue to frown,
No more of a poet than when I sat down;
While Rogers, on whom they look kindly, can strike
Their lyre at all times, in all places, alike.

"June 1818." "HENRY LUTTRELL."

Luttrell thus warns us not to rest in the regions of poetry, and a bronze bust[1] opposite commands a sudden transition. That head, though now familiar to us, always invites a look and a pause, and compels admiration, if not for the character of the man, at least for his genius and energy. The head is of the great Napoleon—some say by Canova, others by a pupil of his; and the verses on the pedestal are appropriately gleaned from Homer's "Odyssey."[2]

ΟΥ ΓΑΡ ΠΩ ΤΕΘΝΗΚΕΝ ΕΠΙ ΧΘΟΝΙ ΔΙΟΣ ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ,
ΑΛΛ' ΕΤΙ ΠΟΥ ΖΩΟΣ ΚΑΤΕΡΥΚΕΤΑΙ ΕΥΡΕΙ ΠΟΝΤΩ
ΝΗΣΩ ΕΝ ΑΜΦΙΡΥΤΗ· ΧΑΛΕΠΟΙ ΔΕ ΜΙΝ ΑΝΔΡΕΣ
ΕΧΟΥΣΙΝ.

A.D. CIↃIↃCCCXVII. Ὁμήρου Ὀδυσσεία.

[1] See plate on page 174.

[2] Book I. l. 196.

The following translation is said to have been made by the third Lord Holland :—

"He is not dead, he breathes the air
In lands beyond the deep,
Some distant sea-girt island where
Harsh men the hero keep."

We now pass again under the first arcade, and, walking through the so-named Ball-room which joins the Conservatory, we descend amidst a square of orange-trees into what used to be called the Moats, situated at the end of the Kitchen-garden, where formerly stood an old Manor House, pulled down at the beginning of the present century. There is a bloody scene to recall on this ground: the duel between Captain Best and Lord Camelford. The fact is well known, so were the circumstances connected with it; but as in England duels belong to the past, a, so to speak, archæological interest now attaches to them, and, being on the spot, we feel called upon to insert a few details from the contemporary account of this duel in the "Annual Register." This is based principally upon the Rev. William Cockburne's "Authentic Account,"[1] a temperate and wise little pamphlet of sixteen pages, to which we have referred, and according to which it appears

[1] Printed for J. Hatchard, 1804.

that regular information had been lodged in Marlborough Street, with a view to stopping the intended duel; but that the officers were placed at Lord Camelford's door too late. To quote now from the "Annual Register:"—

". . . This very high-spirited young nobleman, we are sorry to state, fell a victim to his own impetuosity, by a fatal shot, in one of those rencontres which the modern system of manners seems unfortunately to encourage; . . . Lord Camelford was not only inclined to the more enlightened pursuits of literature, but his chymical researches, and his talents as a seaman, were worthy of the highest admiration. 'Before the fatal meeting, I have been told' (says the rev. William Cockburne . . .), 'that several overtures were made to Lord Camelford to produce a reconciliation, but they were rejected with some obduracy. The fact was, his lordship had an idea that his antagonist (capt. Best) was the best shot in England, and he was therefore extremely fearful lest his reputation should suffer, if he made any concession, however slight, to such a person. This was the probable cause of the violent language which he is reported to have used, and the principal cause of the lamented meeting. After he fell, he is

said to have expressed on the spot, what he afterwards strongly expressed to me, that he forgave his antagonist; and to the man who was called by his second to his support, he repeated several times that he was himself the sole aggressor. A messenger came to me about 8 o'clock in the morning of the 7th, to inform me of the sad issue of the contest, and of the spot where his lordship was left. . . . I hastened towards the place, and found his lordship already carried into Little Holland-house by the generous man who owns it [Mr. Ottie]. Mr. Knight the surgeon, and Captain Barry, his lordship's most intimate friend, were by his lordship's bed-side, and Mr. Home arriving in a few minutes, we cut off his cloaths; the wound was examined by the surgeons, and immediately pronounced to be mortal. His lordship continued in agonies of pain during the first day; towards the evening it pleased God to moderate his torture; . . . He lingered, free from acute pain, till the evening of Saturday the 10th, when, about half-past eight, he expired, without a pang. . . . Before lord Camelford left his lodgings on Tuesday night, the 6th inst., . . . he inserted the following paper in his will . . . 'There are many 'other matters which, at another time, I might be 'inclined to mention; but I will say nothing more

'at present than that, in the present contest, I am 'fully and entirely the aggressor, as well in the spirit 'as the letter of the word; should I therefore lose my 'life in a contest of my own seeking, I most solemnly 'forbid any of my friends or relations, let them be 'of whatsoever description they may, from instituting 'any vexatious proceedings against my antagonist; 'and should, notwithstanding the above declaration 'on my part, the law of the land be put in force 'against him, I desire that this part of my will may 'be made known to the king, in order that his royal 'heart may be moved to extend his mercy towards 'him.' . . .

"The day previous to his death, his lordship wrote, with his own hand, a codicil to his will; in which, in the most particular manner, he described the place where he wished his body to be buried. . . . He prefaces his wish by stating, that persons in general have a strong attachment to the country which gave them birth, and on their death-bed usually desire their remains may be conveyed to their native land, however great the distance, to be interred. . . . 'I wish my body (says he) to be removed as soon as may be convenient to a country far distant!—to a spot not near the haunts of men; but where the surrounding scenery may smile upon my remains.'

It is situated on the borders of the Lake of St. Lampierre, in the canton of Berne; and three trees stand in the particular spot. The centre tree he desires may be taken up, and his body being there deposited, immediately replaced. 'Let no monument or stone be placed over my grave.' At the foot of this tree, his lordship adds, he formerly passed many solitary hours, contemplating the mutability of human affairs. As a compensation to the proprietors of the spot described, he has left 1,000*l.* In another part of his will he desires his relations will not go into mourning for him."[1]

And this very spot a few years ago was the scene of merry parties, where the Duc and Duchesse d'Aumale used to fish with the late Lord Holland. Little at the time did we think that the exiled princess would die comparatively early after the heartbreaking loss of one son, and be followed so soon by another, leaving her husband to mourn, within the short interval of three years, over the grave of two cherished sons and of a devoted wife. Little either at the time did we think that the host who entertained them would also have left the earth, and that, standing now on this ground, all remaining to us of those days gone by would be a mere echo from the grave.

[1] Annual Register, March 10, 1804.



THE GREEN LANE.

A pretty little house has been erected over the scene of the Moats, and amid artificial rocks, and real flowers, and graceful bridges, those alone who remember can sigh on looking at so gay a spot.

Let us now go back, past the gardener's lodge, past the Kitchen-garden, and, turning to the left, enter the "green lane," the subject of our opposite plate. It used to be called "Nightingale Lane," before Philomela was forced to desert it for quieter nooks. And yet it is here more than ever difficult to imagine that we are almost in London. The green lane is a long avenue, like an immense gallery arched with trees and carpeted with grass, the distant light at the end softening down into that misty blue so peculiar to dear England. Here all we have belongs to the country—nay, more—to a pretty country. To our left are a few fields which used to present annually a scene of North British feats, and of European interest. Waagen, in his "Treasures of Art," mentioning that he had dined at Holland House, says in allusion to the grounds: ". . . Highland games were going on before a numerous and fashionable company. I had thus," he adds, "the opportunity of witnessing the immense power and skill of these mountaineers, as

they performed their feats of strength to the shrill cry of the bagpipe."[1]

We have, too, a ghost story to tell; and as we saunter along, it may not chime in badly with the dreamy atmosphere around us. But we will avoid the possible charge of concocting a ghost story, by relating the event *verbatim* from "Aubrey's Miscellanies:"—

"The Beautiful Lady *Diana Rich*, Daughter to the Earl of *Holland*, as she was walking in her Father's Garden at *Kensington*, to take the fresh Air before Dinner, about Eleven a Clock, being then very well, met with her own Apparition, Habit, and every thing, as in a Looking-glass. About a Month after, she died of the Small-pox. And 'tis said, that her Sister, the Lady *Isabella* (*Thinne*,) saw the like of her self also before she died. This Account I had from a Person of Honour."[2]

A third sister, Mary, was married to the first Earl of Breadalbane, and it has been recorded that she also, not long after her marriage, had some such warning of her approaching dissolution.

And so the old tradition has remained—and who would wish to remove it? Belonging to past times;

[1] Waagen: Treasures of Art in Great Britain. London, 1854. Vol. ii. p. 340.

[2] Aubrey's Miscellanies. London, 1696.

it should be respected. But whether we respect tradition or not, it is as a received fact, that whenever the mistress of Holland House meets herself, Death is hovering about her.

We do not know of any more recent ghost story as happening in the green lane; we do not, however, doubt that if those trees could speak, they would reveal many things which have been whispered under them: many a vow given—perhaps to be broken—many a question put, on the answer to which depended at least immense momentary happiness; and seemed to depend, if not really depended, the happiness of whole lives. Nor do we doubt that if we knew all the stories of the Green Lane, if we could see all the visions it has witnessed float past us, we would learn a moral from each little romance, and find it difficult to quit the spot without many a serious thought, many an inquiring return upon our own hearts. For, contrary to the usual rendering of an oft-used proverb, should not charity begin at our neighbour's, and improvement at home? And, after all, the work of self-improvement ought to be easy as well as profitable, inasmuch as vicinity enables us to command an advantage over our own premises which we cannot reckon upon with respect to our neighbour's! But, with many apologies for

this digression, we will now leave our questionings and reasonings, together with the ghost story, and resume our walk.

Turning abruptly to the right, passing by majestic trees, and taking a path which runs parallel with the north side of the House, but at some distance



Part of the North Side of House.

from it, we enter the alley Louis Philippe, which brings us back close to Inigo Jones's piers. This alley derives its name from the fact of the exiled king having spent a quiet hour under the shelter of its trees during a visit he paid Holland House in 1848.

At the end of the alley Louis Philippe, we find ourselves again on the walk which we have already traversed on our way to the Dutch Garden. At the beginning of this path, and looking down it, is a cast of the statue of Charles James Fox, in Bloomsbury Square. It was a present from the original artist, Westmacott, and has the following inscription :—

CAR JAC FOX
CUI PLURIMÆ CONSENTIUNT GENTES
POPULI PRIMARIUM FUISSE VIRUM

(Charles James Fox, whom all nations unite in esteeming to have been the chief man of the people.)

Now we may bid farewell to the Grounds, and, descending the steps which we ascended, by the piers, return to the entrance-sweep before the hall door.

There is one out-door feature which we should notice before entering: the Holland House gun-fire at 11 P.M., known like the town clock in Kensington.

There are at least two versions of its origin. One to the effect that it was a custom brought from Spain by the third Lord Holland. According to another, it would appear to have been instituted by a Lord Holland whose watchman, having forgotten

to load his gun, had been murdered, and who was anxious that ruffians should for the future be warned, and he himself satisfied that his servant was properly armed. These two versions of the past may be reconciled with each other, and then lost sight of in the present. For we believe that the gun-fire, apart from its security, is cherished by the inhabitants of Kensington. Did not its temporary suspension occasion a request for its recommencement? Was it not said that by it one lady went to bed, and one gentleman set his watch? And may we not hope that, even if thieves were exterminated from the earth and policemen reigned in their stead, the Holland House gun-fire would still be received less as a superfluous noise than as a familiar friendly sound?





CHAPTER VI.

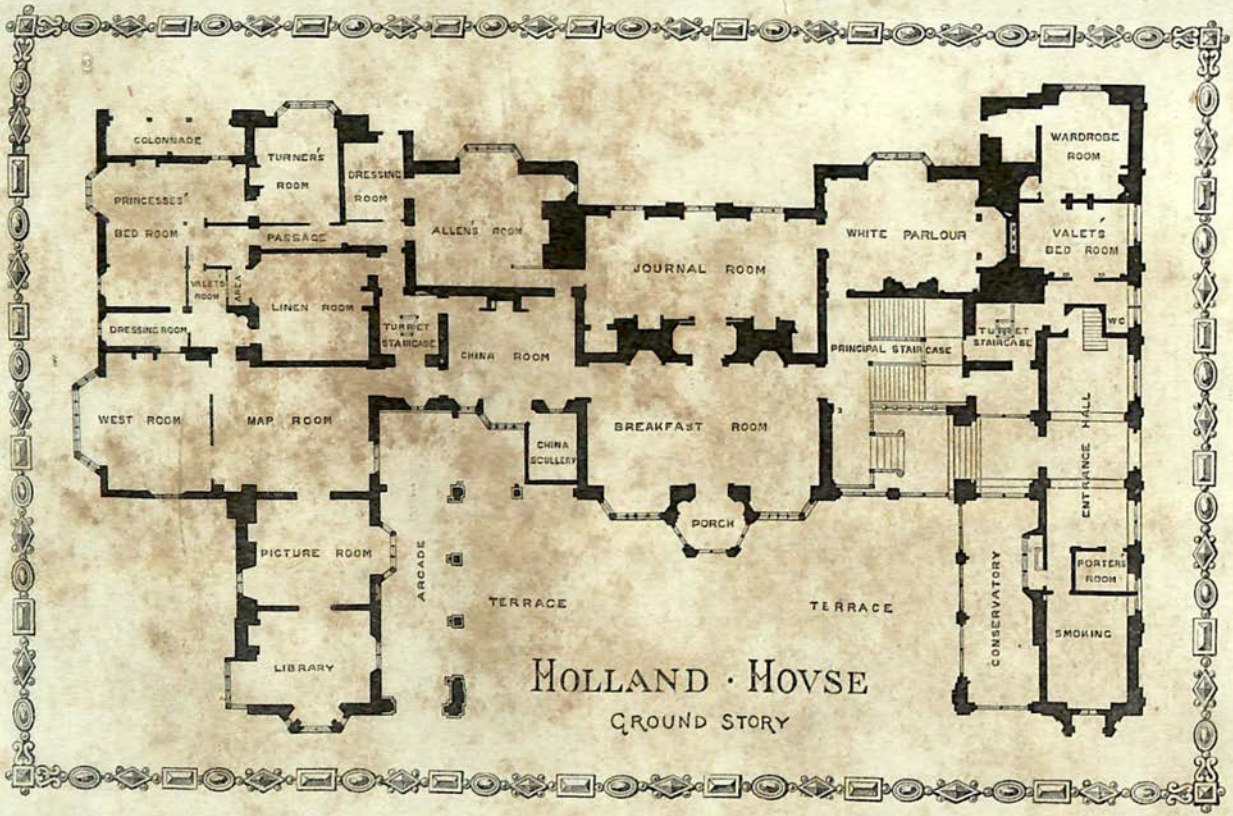
PLAN OF THE GROUND-FLOOR.

THE finest embroidery ever produced would not hold together but for the material on which it is worked, and those who despise the material had better make up their minds to dispense with the embroidery. Such a sentiment may serve as our apology for giving a rough plan of the ground-floor and first floor respectively before attempting the description of the ground-floor and first-floor rooms; and we hope that the dry particulars thus evoked will be compensated for by a knowledge of the House itself. We do not propose inflicting upon our readers a plan of the basement or of the attics. The most attractive part about the attics

is the view they offer. And as for the basement, it promised an interesting conclusion, and failed. It has an oldish arch, which we had hoped might prove a genuinely old one, and a Servants' Hall which had about it the appearance of a refectory. But wisdom and learning came to be consulted, and, alas! they found stigmatized by an Elizabethan stamp what we had fondly thought might go back unto the very Normans! Therefore, dismissing vain hopes for plain facts, let us now proceed to

THE PLAN OF THE GROUND-FLOOR.

The ENTRANCE HALL is fifteen feet long by forty wide. To our left, on entering, is the SMOKING ROOM, approached by a Lobby, from which a winding staircase forms one of the many communications with the Entresol above the Entrance Hall. On the right of the Entrance Hall, a flight of six steps leads to some servants' rooms. These steps are on the site of those which formerly led to the Chapel. The iron gates through which it was entered, now, denuded of their leaden ornaments, perform the more humble part of guarding the entrance from the Front Terrace and Garden to the West Courtyard and Arcades.


COLONNADE
TURNER'S ROOM
DRESSING ROOM
PRINCESSES' BED ROOM
PASSAGE
ALLEN'S ROOM
WARDROBE ROOM
WHITE PARLOUR
VALETS BED ROOM
JOURNAL ROOM
VALETS ROOM
AREA
LINEN ROOM
TURRET STAIRCASE
DRESSING ROOM
CHINA ROOM
PRINCIPAL STAIRCASE
TURRET STAIRCASE
WC
WEST ROOM
MAP ROOM
CHINA SCULLERY
BREAKFAST ROOM
ENTRANCE HALL
PORCH
PICTURE ROOM
ARCADE
TERRACE
TERRACE
PORTERS ROOM
CONSERVATORY
SMOKING
LIBRARY
HOLLAND · HOVSE
GROUND STORY

Opposite the Hall door, two flights of steps and two landings take us through the INNER HALL to a landing on the right, whence rises the Great Staircase.

From this last landing, a door on our left leads into the old Entrance Hall, now called the BREAKFAST ROOM.

The BREAKFAST ROOM is twenty feet wide by forty feet long. A porch on the south leads out on to the two Terraces already mentioned in the description of the exterior.[1]

On the north side of the Breakfast Room, an archway, corresponding with that of the Porch, leads through an alcove into the JOURNAL ROOM.

A door, opposite that communicating with the Hall, takes us from the Breakfast Room into an inner room called the CHINA ROOM, from which a few steps and a Lobby lead up into the WEST ROOMS, while at the right of the Lobby is the WEST TURRET STAIRCASE.

The WEST ROOMS are four in number. The first serves, in railway parlance, as a sort of junction, from which the other three branch out, and is called the MAP ROOM.

From the south of the MAP ROOM are entered

[1] Chap. v. p. 169.

successively the second and third WEST ROOMS, called the PICTURE ROOM and the PRINT ROOM.

The first three WEST ROOMS are under part of the Library; and the third, or PRINT ROOM, is connected with the Library by a staircase.

The fourth West Room, called simply the WEST ROOM, is the last on the West side of the House. It is entered from the West of the Map Room, and from it are steps going down into the DUTCH GARDEN.

With the fourth West Room the plan of the Ground Floor on one side terminates, and, returning into the MAP ROOM, we come to a concealed door, leading us through the three "PRINCESSES' ROOMS," generally given to visitors.

At the end of these rooms is "ALLEN'S ROOM," from which a few steps and a short passage bring us down once more into the JOURNAL ROOM; whence we pass into the WHITE PARLOUR; a door to the right of which leads back to the landing.

A recess at the East end of the White Parlour, opposite the door communicating with the Journal Room, is especially indicated by an ornamental arch. It was formerly a large Bay window, looking into the Chapel beyond, above the floor of which it was raised some steps. In this recess, the family were

enabled to join in the services of their Church without joining the congregation in the Chapel, as the occupants of the Royal Closet can, to this day, do at Windsor.

The Chapel itself, which was destroyed by fire more than a century ago, used to be approached (as we have already said) by a flight of steps at the right-hand side of the present Entrance Hall, and entered by iron gates. Vestiges of it are still visible breaking out in this part of the house, amongst and near some of the servants' rooms, and holding their own, indifferent to the secular pursuits carried on around them. In the Valet's Room are two columns, two pilasters, and a rich frieze, which would appear to have been at the entrance of the Chapel. In the Wardrobe Room, and in the Lady's-maid's Room above, (the two stories were originally only one), there still exists through the whole thickness of the wall an ancient arch, visible even outside from the garden, though partly cut away in forming the *entresol*. An old arch also exists close to this other on the West side; it probably formed part of a side chapel or sacristy.

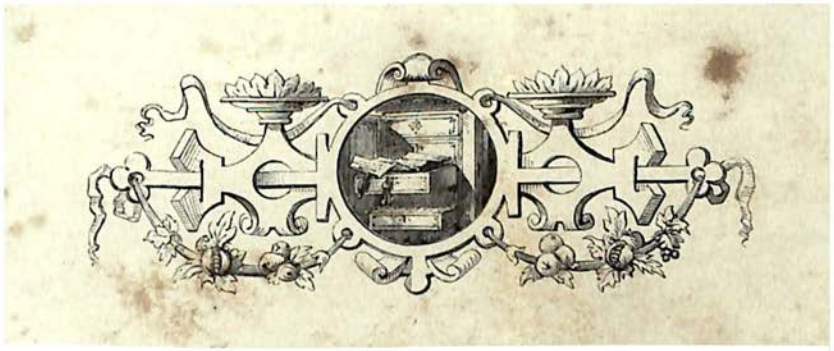
But though the vestiges are unmistakeable, they are few, and can be briefly enumerated: Two columns, two pilasters, and a frieze; and two

arches; all in their old quarters. A pair of iron gates, removed into the vicinity of the stables; and some stained glass, also removed, which we shall find on the first floor.[1]

In the LIBRARY PASSAGE. See chap. xxiii.



Florentine Knocker at Holland House.



CHAPTER VII.

ENTRANCE HALL, INNER HALL, SMOKING ROOM, AND STAIRCASE.

THE very first step into Holland House offers a combination of artistic beauty with practical comfort; and if the CAVE CANEM at the entrance challenges for a moment our onward progress, it gives us an opportunity of looking around.

The ENTRANCE HALL, contrary to the stereotyped entrance hall of a modern London house, is, as we have seen, much more wide than long. It is bordered and decorated with Italian tiles, and peopled by eight busts which represent a variety in the realms both of chronology and of character.

We shall for once try to avoid compromising our knowledge of history and our discernment in art by

enumerating these busts simply as they are placed. Beginning at the right-hand side of the Hall Door, we have:—

Francis, Duke of Bedford, by Nollekens (1801), with the following lines:—

> "Cui pudor, et justitiæ soror
> Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
> Quando ullum invenient parem?"

The Duke of Cumberland, by Michael Rysbraeck (1754).

Charles James Fox, by Nollekens (1807).

Nollekens is thought by his biographer, John Thomas Smith, to have trusted more to the eyes, nose, and mouth for a likeness, than to the bones of the head. And in support of this, he points out that in the two busts Nollekens did of Mr. Fox, the foreheads are low and rugged, whilst the forehead of the mask is even, high and prominent, full of dignified grandeur, more so perhaps, with the exception of Lord Bacon, than that of any other statesman of equal celebrity.[1] However this may be, we may congratulate ourselves that the features of Charles James Fox will have been transmitted to posterity by more than one sculptor and painter.

[1] Nollekens and his Times, by John Thomas Smith. London, 1828. Vol. ii. ch. xvi.

The Duke of York, by Prosperi, with the inscription :

ΑΥΓΟΥΣΤΟΣ ΦΡΕΔΡΙΚΟΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ ΥΙΟΣ.

Napoleon.

Henri Quatre.

Henry Richard, third Lord Holland, by Nollekens (1799).

The Right Honourable John Hookham Frere, by Chantrey (1817).

But we shall just step out of the Hall for a minute, to notice the SMOKING ROOM. It is not, as may be supposed, fitted up with low divans and long meerschaums. An appropriate subject frescoed on the ceiling is, apparently, the only feature it possesses at all appropriate with its name. The SMOKING ROOM is now a receptacle for MSS. and certain presses locked, and drawers secured, which are strongholds for many documents. Some of these are, doubtless, of no value except to the owners, and will most pleasantly fulfil their destiny by never showing their dry dusty details beyond their present quarters. Some have been of great use to us in the compilation of the present work, and will appear occasionally in black and white as we proceed. Some are autographic, literary, and his-

torical treasures, which deserve a work to themselves. May our words concerning these last one day be proved!

Meanwhile, three relics of C. J. Fox which have found their way into the room and taken up their abode on the wall may be mentioned:—

His walking-stick,[1] which need only be admired for his sake!

A case of fire-arms, consisting of a fowling-piece and a brace of pistols, ornamented with silver, platina, and gold, and with agates for flints. Presented by Catherine of Russia to C. J. Fox. [Date 1785.]

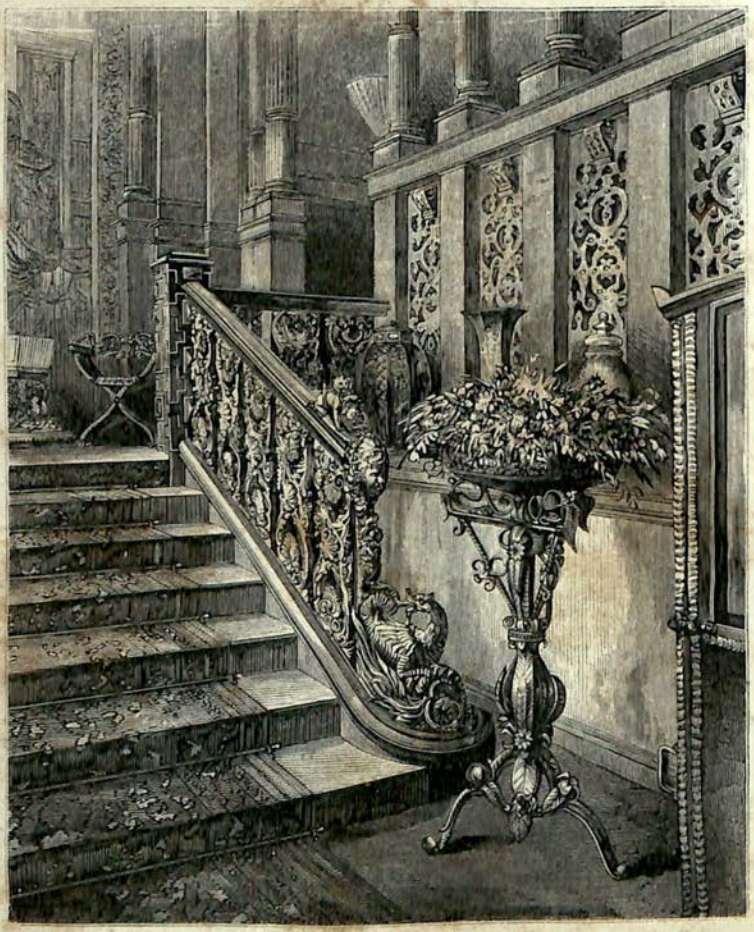
A Sword of Prudence,[2] which is prudently blunt. This appears to have been presented to the Rt. Hon. C^s. J^s. Fox, with the warmest respect, by a Briton and a lover of his country, and bears the following distich:—

"Consider well—weigh Strictly Right, & Wrong,
Resolve not quick—but once Resolv'd be Strong."

With which good advice, we return into the Entrance Hall.

Opposite to the Hall Door, the INNER HALL presents a pretty vista fitted into the wooden frame of a door by which the two Halls are separated. The frame, contrasted with what it seems to enclose, looks solid

[1] See tail-piece to this chapter. [2] Ibid.



OLD FONT BY THE STAIRCASE IN THE INNER HALL.

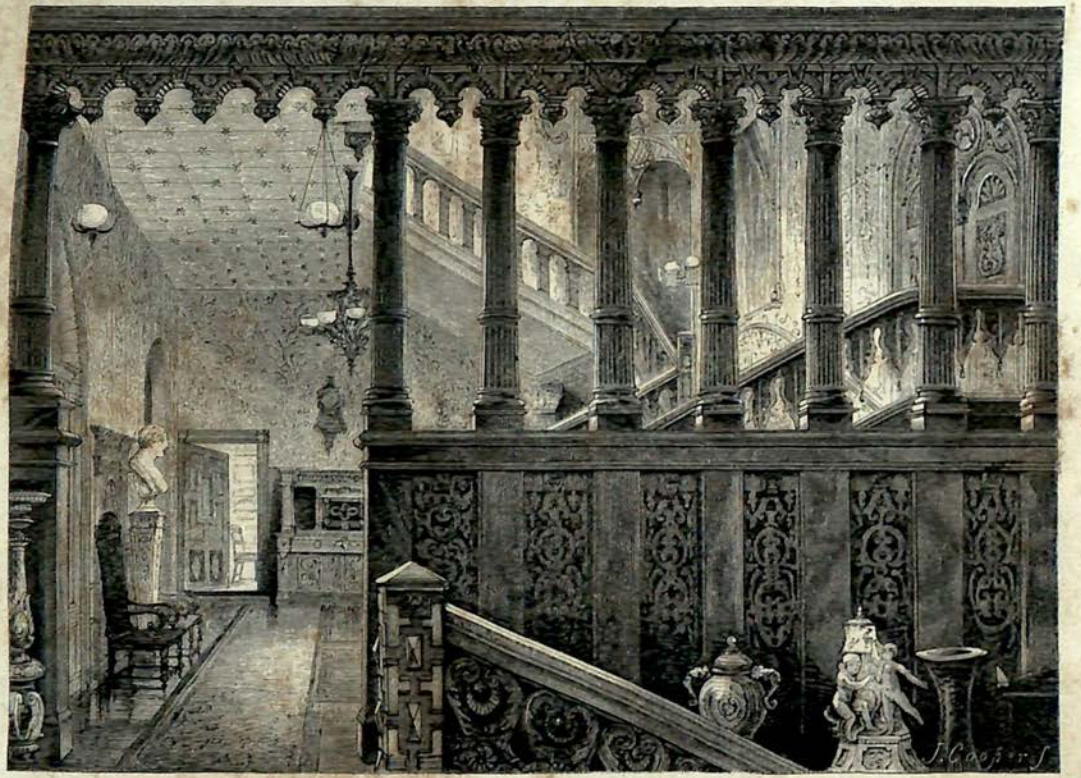
and severe, and sobers, without saddening, the general effect. A painted arch divides the Inner Hall into two compartments, while a background of tapestry, frescoed ceilings, a gaily carpeted floor, china vases and flowers, form a picture equally pleasant in summer and winter.

The ceiling of the first compartment is vaulted and painted with Cupids, which, from their exalted position, have some claim to be angels. The ceiling of the second compartment is flat, and represents an Italian scene. Both are painted by Watts. To our left, as we ascend the steps, the Inner Hall is almost entirely composed of windows, which in bygone times used to be doors, and which, in the present day, obstruct and idealize the view through ground and coloured glass.

The accompanying woodcut gives an idea of the landing with its carved balustrade; an old sedan-chair, brilliant in recent restoration; and less brilliant, but certainly not less interesting, an old bronze font for holy water, supported by a comparatively modern bronze tripod. From a description on a little *plaque* affixed, this font appears to have been cast in the year 1484 by Maestro Michele Garelli. Around it, interspersed by odd old scriptural and armorial devices, is written in Gothic letters an abbreviated rendering of the well-known

passage in the fiftieth Psalm (9th verse): "Asperges me hyssopo, et mundabor; lavabis me, et super nivem dealbabor." Michele Garelli, it will be understood, was the founder or caster, not the original designer, of the work. Nor was he, as one might think, an Italian, but a Fleming, whose real name, Cassel, was italianized into Garelli. He was of very great reputation; and worked, according to Zani, about the year 1492.

Standing at the foot of the stairs in the Inner Hall, with our back to the windows, we see through the pillars of an oaken screen, the quaintest view in the house: one which, though it derives much of its quaintness from its colouring, is still, we venture to think, executed with surprising faithfulness in the annexed plate:—neither ceiling nor floor entirely visible, a background of bronzed and many-coloured Cordova leather—subdued, yet glittering—with designs of birds, arabesques, and flowers. The staircase is furnished with an oaken balustrade which forms an elbow on the first floor landing before we lose sight of it; while an ecclesiastical looking chandelier, hanging on the left, and a looking-glass so placed that it seems like an extension of the staircase rather than what it is, figure effectively in the general mysteriousness.

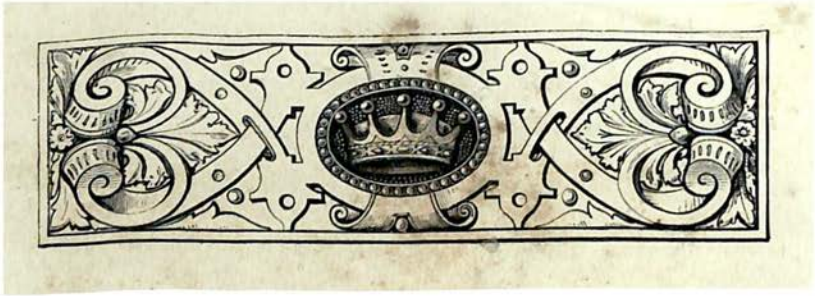


GREAT STAIRCASE, AS SEEN FROM THE INNER HALL.

It is perhaps to be regretted that the position of this unique view, although very prominent, should be such as to make it often overlooked. For often overlooked it must be. Who, as a rule, just after entering a house, or just before quitting it, is likely to stop on a staircase in the hall and turn sideways? And yet we have some hope that our hint may not be without effect upon future visitors to Holland House.

Leaving this view, and proceeding up the second flight of stairs in the Inner Hall, we pass before the old Tournay tapestry which represents Isaac blessing Jacob—a warning to elder sons—and, turning to the left, enter the Breakfast Room.





CHAPTER VIII.

THE BREAKFAST ROOM.

THIS room was converted from the Entrance Hall into the BREAKFAST ROOM by the late Lord Holland, and its porch, between two large bay-windows, leading south out on to the centre terrace, once a portico for sedan-chairs, remains as a vestige of old times. The present arrangement of the porch, however, is modern, as are the mosaics with which it is ornamented, and in which are worked the two mottoes of the family: "*Vitam impendere vero*," and "*Faire sans dire.*"

From the porch we return into the room itself. The walls are hung with old Genoese silk and velvet brocade, and panelled with four Arazzi, which represent severally: Bacchus and the Bacchantes, Apollo with the Muses, Vulcan and Venus, and Vulcan presenting

Jupiter with the thunderbolts. These Arazzi are interesting as being after the designs of François Boucher, that French artist of the eighteenth century who, from the gaiety of his subjects, was called the Anacreon of painters. Two of the Arazzi are above the two chimney-pieces, and on either side of them is a magnificent strip of silk and gold embroidery on crimson velvet.

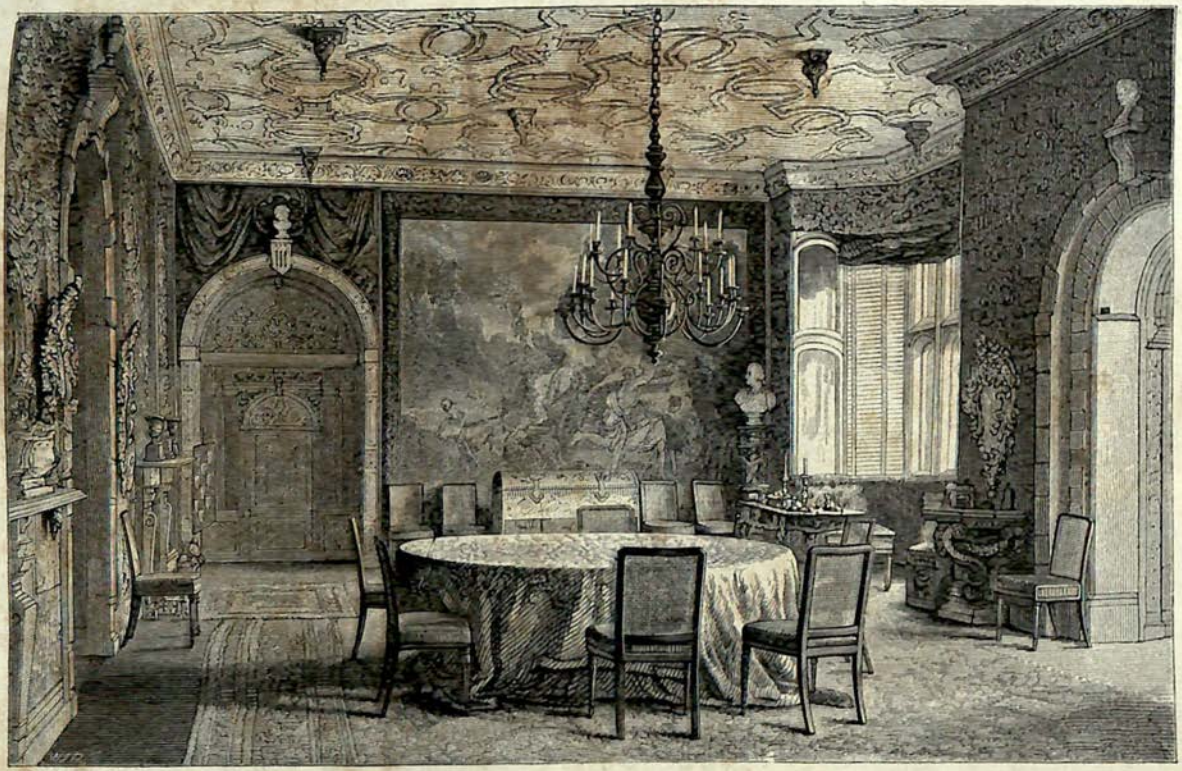
We believe there is some peculiar interest attached to these strips of embroidery; but the researches which have been kindly made for us upon the subject, as well as those which we have made for ourselves, have proved fruitless.

The doorways, four in number, are arched and hung with silk, the folds of which are gracefully held together by a fine bit of tapestry, performing the part of a brooch. The doorways, one on each side of the room—each being opposite that in the wall facing it—when open, give us from the Breakfast Room, so to speak, double telescopic views; and the two bay windows, the sides of which are fitted with looking-glasses, multiply and complicate the views in a fanciful and bewildering manner. We see to our left, as we enter, the front terrace and the field beyond it; to our right, through a small lobby and the Journal Room, the lawn. In front

of us, but rather far off (through several rooms), at the end of the west side, the Dutch Garden; and, turning round, at the other end we have the oak staircase under a different aspect from that which we had of it in the Entrance Hall, but still quaint and perhaps rather stern, forming a dark background to the bright Breakfast Room. For, as may be seen by our illustration, the Breakfast Room, although it wears an ancient look, is not sombre; on the contrary, tapestries, Sèvres china, and Venetian looking-glasses in gilt frames, tend to give it a gay, if not a brilliant, appearance; while such relics as a writing-book with Napoleonic arms, and a banner screen which has been the recipient of various heraldic contributions, are less dingy than historical.

Nor should we here omit to mention a bust of Charles James Fox, by Nollekens (1793), some fourteen years earlier than the bust we have noticed in the Entrance Hall by the same artist. Four lines, by R. Fitzpatrick, perpetuated on the marble, add interest to the work, while they pay a tribute to him whom it represents:—

A Patriot's even course he steer'd,
'Midst Faction's wildest Storms unmov'd,
By all who mark'd his Mind, rever'd,
By all who knew his Heart, belov'd.



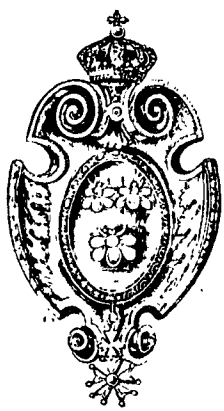
BREAKFAST ROOM (EAST END).

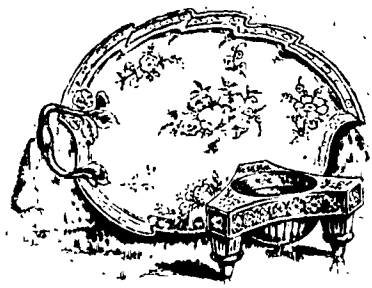
The ceiling of the Breakfast Room is panelled and ornamented with white and gilded pendants. The cornice is painted in the same style, and from the Earl's coronet on it,[1] alternating with an "H," testifies to its period—that of an Earl of Holland. The device, which will soon become well known to us—that of the "H" entwined in a Baron's coronet—is of later introduction and a sign of Fox residence.

And standing here, as further on we shall stand in some other parts of the house, amidst modern improvements which, being in the character of past times, tend rather to preserve those times in our memories than to make us forget them, it would be impossible for us here, as in some other parts of the house, not to draw a mental parallel. "Once upon a time" sedan-chairs and powder played their parts in the scene; nowadays they may find some species of successors in Hansoms and chignons. And from the difference in conveyances and dress, how far and how easily that perpetual-motion locomotive, the train of our thoughts, will carry us on! Indeed it would easily carry us too far. For, before we knew where we found ourselves, it would carry us out of our present province. Let us close

[1] See head-piece to this chapter.

the chapter with one remark. However punctilious some of us may be upon the subject of modern fashions and of modern usages, if we think of the gay assemblies that meet at Holland House on many a summer's day, we will not quarrel with the present or sigh for what people, shocked by recent inventions rather than benefited by late discoveries, are wont to call "the good old times."





CHAPTER IX.

THE CHINA ROOM.

THE CHINA ROOM is a contrast to the Breakfast Room, and the two rooms together tend to prove that attractions in equal degree may exist with advantages of different kinds.

The Breakfast Room, forty feet long by twenty feet wide, is large enough for a banquet; and the China Room, twenty-two feet long by twenty-one feet wide, is snug enough for a sociable dinner. The Breakfast Room, with its bay-windows and porch projecting into the sunny south, must see something of the sun even on most winter days; and the China Room, receding from between the centre tower and western cloisters, is shaded even in the hottest summer.

It has a grave-looking old chimney-piece and a solemn-looking Venetian chandelier; and it is fitted up with glass cases which are furnished with some beautiful china. The general effect of the room may be perhaps something like that of an old curiosity shop—but of an old curiosity shop in Utopia, tidy, habitable, comfortable. The walls are hung with Cordova leather, and the floor has a soft carpet, and the collection of china is so disposed that it can easily be taken out for use, and, when not used, be useful for ornament.

We were thinking of making the China Room Chapter rather learned with a disquisition upon china in general, *prologuing* our account of this china in particular. But we have thought better of the plan, and spared ourselves from accumulating details which, without thoroughly instructing the uninitiated, might have thoroughly dissatisfied the connoisseur. With the above explanation, rather than apology, we submit an unadorned list of the principal china in the China Room:—

A large dinner and dessert service of Sèvres, which belonged to the Earl of Upper Ossory.

A small dessert service of very fine old Sèvres, which belonged to the Countess of Coventry, remarkable for its beauty; it is painted in medallions,

with flowers and Cupids round the border, and the letters "L.C." in flowers, surmounted by a coronet, also in flowers, in the centre.

A fine old apple-green Sèvres dessert service, painted with bouquets of flowers.

A large dinner, dessert, and coffee service of Cabbage-leaf Sèvres.

Two services of fine old Dresden china, for dinner and dessert.

A beautiful dessert service of old open-work Berlin china.

Two magnificent Chelsea vases decorated with birds and fruit.

And a small dessert service of old Chelsea, presented by the Chelsea Company to Dr. Johnson, who used to work during his leisure hours at the Chelsea factory. If, from his present abode, the usually plain-spoken old Doctor can see what has become of the testimonial, perhaps he is inclined to say, as he did to Mrs. Montague when she showed him some plates which had once belonged to Queen Elizabeth, "that they had no reason to be ashamed of their present possessor, who was so little inferior to the first."[1]

In the China Room, as may be expected, there

[1] Madame Piozzi's Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson. London, 1786.

is more than the china to admire. But if we were to linger over every object of beauty in Holland House, our work would run the risk of assuming encyclopædic proportions, unaccompanied, alas! by encyclopædic lore!

The CHINA SCULLERY is attached to the China Room, and contains three breakfast services of Dresden, and a Dresden dinner service in common use, besides a service of beautiful Dresden, painted in medallions with figures, bought at Stowe.





CHAPTER X.

FIRST WEST ROOM, OR MAP ROOM.

THE FIRST WEST ROOM, called the MAP ROOM, from the fact that nearly all the maps and atlases in the house are arranged there, teems with books and portraits. It has a crimson and gold paper, and the ceiling is white, panelled with gilt, and decorated with pendants.

The door by which we entered from the China Room is like two of those in the Breakfast Room: the doorway arched; while the door itself, which is a sliding one, may be said to illustrate Hamlet's play within a play by a door within a door. Those who know Holland House will perhaps alone be able to understand this arrangement. But the doors

especially to be noticed in this room are carved and gilt (Venetian), with plate-glass, opening into the second and fourth West Rooms.

The MAP ROOM has an antique appearance. But the present disposition of all the West Rooms is really modern, and due to the late Lord Holland, who, from housekeeper's rooms and offices, converted the first three into what they are, and extended the fourth upon what used to be a terrace.

A characteristic difference between the mere man of money and the man of taste is, that in the "improvements" of the one, the old features are recklessly destroyed, whilst in the improvements of the other they are studiously preserved. The one heaps up gilding and modern hideosities, after the fashion of the foolish woman who dyes her hair and tries to hide her wrinkles; the other is like the wiser woman, who looks upon grey hairs as an honourable frame for advancing years, and adapts the shrine to the relics.

From the imitation of the past in the arrangement of the first West Room, we turn to actual traces of bygone days in some of the portraits which hang on the walls and artistically crown the bookcases.

It is curious to mark how, without any apparent labour to bring the right people together, at the best a difficult task, some of the portraits here are

happily placed: Charles II., between Nell Gwynn and the Duchess of Portsmouth, facing the author of the "Annus Mirabilis,"—an appropriate position. For though

> ". . . . Dryden taught to join
> The varying verse, the full resounding line,
> The long majestic march, and energy divine,"[1]

yet it must not be forgotten that he stooped to flatter his unworthy sovereign. But a close scrutiny of what seems most perfect is often clouded by disappointment, and few characters, however great, will bear the test of pre-Raphaelite painting.

Then we have the first and second Dukes of Richmond; Anne and Sarah, Duchesses of Richmond; and the Duke of Leinster. With these we bid farewell to Charles and all that concerns him, and, passing a portrait of Sir Charles Bunbury, turn to one of Madame Lebrun, painted by herself. But she has not made such a pretty picture as she did of the same subject in the well-known portrait at the Uffizi in Florence.

We now notice the portrait of an artist of a different kind, the sculptor Canova, with his fine, expressive Italian face.[2]

[1] Pope, "Imitations of Horace," Book II. Epistle i.

[2] See head-piece to this chapter.

We close the list with some portraits by Watts, one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, of contemporary English artists. Already when a boy he exhibited, and we are not sure that he was a quarter of a century old when, in 1843, he took one of the 300*l.* prizes for his cartoon of Caractacus. His next successful entry into competition was his picture of Alfred inciting the Saxons to maritime enterprise. His entering on that occasion into competition is due to Lord Holland, who urged that, having once obtained a first prize, he should not shrink from a second encounter. The picture was painted in the Villa Careggi, Lord Holland's house; and its gaining the first prize was, we may easily imagine, a greater satisfaction to the far-seeing friend than to the young painter, who cared more for his art than for the glory it might bring him. We will not here talk of Watts's St. George and the Dragon, or attempt to give a list of his many famous works; they belong to the history of art; and his critical notices of the art of B. R. Haydon are public property. The privilege we claim is to say how he became especially connected with Holland House.

About the year 1843 he arrived in Florence with a letter of introduction to the late Lord Holland,

then English Minister at the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Lord Holland, ever ready with kind and generous hospitality, invited the young artist to stay at the Legation. At first Mr. Watts only intended to spend a short time in Florence, but he remained on from day to day for nearly four years, in an increasing intimacy agreeable to all parties. To this intimacy we owe some of the best portraits and restorations at Holland House.

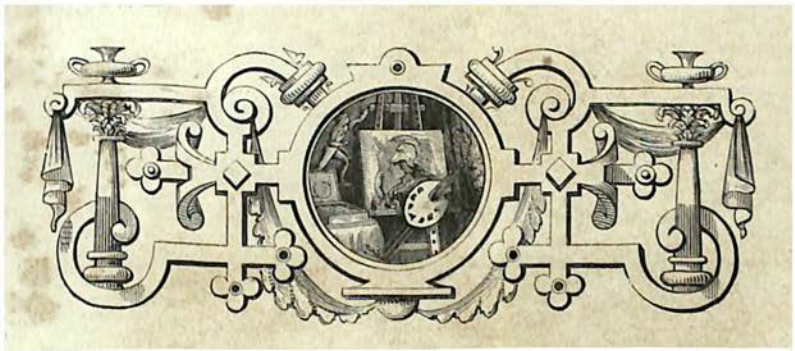
In the first West Room may be mentioned portraits by him of Mr. Edward Cheney, Mr. Cotterell, and Panizzi. The two former were painted in Florence about the year 1843.

The latter, which hangs over the chimney-piece, was executed some eight or nine years later. It is one of Watts's finest, and is done very much in the style of Sir Joshua's Baretti. Panizzi is busily engaged writing, perhaps putting the last penstroke to his Essay on the Romantic Poetry of the Italians, or to his editions of Bojardo or Ariosto, and does not seem to be *sitting for his portrait.* But a likeness is achieved, and may be considered not less happily placed here than on the walls of the British Museum. In Holland House, Panizzi has claims upon private affection so long as his friends live; in the British Museum, he has a lasting title to public gratitude

as the original designer of the far-famed Reading Room, and as being almost the founder of the National Library.

The MAP ROOM, as was said at the beginning of this chapter, teems with books. Of course, to give a catalogue of them all would be troublesome both to our readers and to ourselves. Nor is it necessary to say more at present than that there is in this room one bookcase especially devoted to valuable books and MSS., some of which will be noticed when we come to deal with the Library.





CHAPTER XI.

SECOND WEST ROOM, OR PICTURE ROOM.

We come into this room from the Map Room, by the glass doors in beautiful Venetian frames, mentioned in our last chapter; and we go out of it by similar doors, at the other end. A bay-window to the left gives us partial views of the centre of the house and of the east wing, divided and massively framed by an arch of the west wing. Our friends who know Holland House will recognize the view on the next page, and will easily call to mind this picturesque old fragment of architecture, with its red brick, and grey stone, and whimsical decorations: while here and there Nature comes to the relief of Art with creepers

and flowers. And those who have watched this view, as we have, by moonlight, those who have beheld the dark-blue background relieved by silver lights and varied by mysterious shadows, will, we



East Wing by Moonlight, from Picture-room Window.

hope, acknowledge the influence of such a scene upon the soul of the Poet and of the Christian.

In the year 1862, Lady Holland lent Holland House for a short time to the Queen of the French, Marie Amélie; and it was in this room that the

pious exile had mass daily celebrated. She could scarcely have chosen a more fitting spot from which to offer up her prayers. For we hold beauty to be the source of inspiration, and inspiration the essence of prayer; whilst admiration of Nature may in itself become a prayer without words.

At our right is a chimney-piece in the Elizabethan style, with the old-fashioned fire-dogs for burning wood; and comfort is combined with taste in this room by old brocaded silk hangings, while Art is ably represented on the walls.

To Watts's brush we owe the following portraits:—

Himself, in armour, painted at the Casa Ferroni, then the English Legation, in Florence.

Guizot.

Thiers.

Prince Jérôme Bonaparte.

The last three portraits were painted in Paris during the spring of 1856, and the subjects of them are as familiar to the writer of these pages as the portraits themselves; for they formed part of the late Lord Holland's Paris *salon*.

The *salon*, as an institution, is dying out everywhere. It is to be hoped, however, only to return to life as the Phœnix from its ashes. But in thus

looking forward to the future a regret may still be given to the past; to the time when conversation was a cultivated art, not restricted to one or two clever men, but extending to whole societies; when these same clever men were not made to stand upon a social pedestal and declaim to a moderately interested audience, but when they mixed with others and yet retained their individuality; when grace was blended with wit, and dignity with refinement; when men talked of what was interesting to women who cared to listen; when nothing was rendered common by too much generality; when, in short, there were elements for the formation of interesting circles; and when there were people who cared to form them. But the past need not be a matter of regret to everyone. It may be even a matter of thankfulness to her whose earliest memories are fixed amid all that is cleverest and pleasantest; who, when allowed to appear for a moment amongst the "grown-up people," would hear the last of a discussion between Thiers and Guizot, or the first of a lecture from M. de Villemain; or would be given sugar-plums and dolls by the brother of the great Napoleon, Jérôme Bonaparte. For all these met on neutral territory around the host who was capable of appreciating genius under

its varied forms, and who was the centre of a charming society wherever he went.

But to recur to Watts's pictures in this room:—

Countess Walewska, painted at Florence about the year 1846–7.

The beautiful Countess Castiglione. This portrait was unfortunately never finished.

Mary Augusta, Lady Holland, taken in a Nice hat at Florence, in 1843. This picture is charmingly painted, and gives us the present hostess of Holland House, presiding, as it were, over one of its most sociable rooms, with a smile which lights up her face as much as the ray of sunshine lights up the picture.

Mary Fox—an old-fashioned picture of an old-fashioned looking little girl, with a fine Spanish pointer as big as herself, whose name must be mentioned, for auld lang syne, "Elia." "Elia" was a faithful friend and a wise protector. Here he looks on his best behaviour. But he was as good as he looks, except on the sad day when he strayed from home never to return. The canvas of the original picture is 44 inches by 34. But we hope that, notwithstanding a great necessary reduction in size, the present steel engraving does justice to Watts's work of art.

Two portraits by Leslie come next on our list: The well-known painting of Henry Richard, third Lord Holland;[1] and that of his daughter, now Lady Lilford.

One extremely interesting relic in the PICTURE ROOM is hardly a work of art at all. We refer to a plaster statuette of the first Lord Brougham. He is here represented in an attitude of legal declamation, with upraised arm and out-stretched hand. The out-stretched hand makes us smile; it reminds us of Lord Brougham's responding to a toast in Edinburgh for "His Majesty's Ministers": "My fellow-citizens of Edinburgh, after having been four years a Minister, *these hands are clean.*" He had suited the action to the word by extending his hands—but not the adjective to the substantive. For, alas! his hands happened to be remarkably dirty![2]

But we crave pardon of the great man's shade. If his attitude recalled to us the fact that he once made an untimely remark, it may also recall to us the fact that he was "the great Apostle of Education, the Emancipator of the Negro, the Restorer of abused Charities, the Reformer of the Law." Above

[1] See tail-piece to Chapter XIII.

[2] *Quarterly Review.* Vol. cxxvi. pp. 51 2.

all, it recalls to us, what has been justly termed the turning point in his career, the Queen's trial. The night before he was to deliver his most important speech in this most important of trials, he slept at Holland House. Lord Holland seeing him the next morning busily occupied writing, naturally expected to find him copying out the peroration. But, no,—he was drawing the clauses of an Education Bill!

Since the year 1805 his presence was familiar, and welcome, at Holland House, amidst the brilliant politicians and wits assembled on that Whig territory. Numerous are the puns which have been made upon his name. It will not be out of place here to quote one found at Holland House in the third Lord Holland's handwriting:—

"There's a wild man at large doth roam,
A giant wit!—They call him Brougham
And well methinks they may,
He deals, whene'er he speaks or acts
With friends and foes and laws and facts
In such a *sweeping* way."

He who wrote the joke and he who gave rise to it are both now alike hallowed to us by death. And of them in this room there only remain a portrait and a cast. We remember the cast being

brought to Holland House, by Lord Brougham himself, about a year before he died. It was curious to mark the contrast between the aged man and the representation of him in his brilliant days, a contrast made especially striking by the juxtaposition. As day by day, in the course of life, or rather in the course of death, one makes room for another, it is not unusual for the bereaved son to offer a valued friend some memento of his father; perhaps a likeness of him in his early years, to which he will point and say, "That is what my father was." But Lord Brougham did this for himself; and naturally enough. For the man who would sanction a premature announcement of his death, in order to steal from the world its opinion, was not unlikely to undertake a premature distribution of mementoes in order to test the feeling of his friends. Nor is another trait less in accordance with his character. When in his later years he came to spend an hour or two at Holland House, he would often sit moodily down, and, missing the friendly faces of bygone days, he has more than once even burst into tears. Whatever the world may think of the hard lines which he exteriorly presented, and however in him grief may have exhausted itself after the death of

his beloved daughter Eleanor Louise, there was still something—call it what one will, a touch of tender feeling or a strong chord of affection—there was still something which lingered on in his inmost heart, and with which, as he himself drew near the grave, he often sounded a funeral dirge to the memory of a friend.[1]

[1] The cast of Lord Brougham mentioned above has recently been removed into the Print Room.





CHAPTER XII.

THIRD WEST ROOM, OR PRINT ROOM.

THE THIRD WEST ROOM, now called the PRINT ROOM, once the scene of jams and jellies, where we can picture to ourselves little children coming and showing cupboard-love to the housekeeper, is in nearly the same style as the other West Rooms. But it possesses one feature which they have not—a staircase. This staircase,[1] wooden in material, stage-like in appearance, has a long, narrow landing, and to the left, as we ascend, a window. Higher up the theatrical illusion is continued by a concealed door leading into the Library, through which door, however, we do not now propose to pass.

[1] See head-piece to this chapter.

The Pictures hanging in the Print Room testify more or less to the society which from early days to the present time has met at Holland House :—

General Fox, as a midshipman.

Lady Mary Fox.

Henry, Lord Holland.

Count Fossombroni.

The Earl of Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne.

Count de Flahault.

The Earl of Egremont.

Henry Luttrell.

The room is amply furnished with books. But the volumes of special interest are those containing prints, from which, indeed, the room derives its name.

Here we shall scarcely do more than mention the most important.

The Italian, German, Dutch and Flemish, French, Spanish, and English schools are all represented.

There is a great collection of prints after Italian masters, and the collection from early Italian engravers is fair, including, amongst other specimens by Marc' Antonio Raimondi, the *Lucrezia* after Raffaello.

It would be difficult, as a matter of comparison, to say whether greater celebrity attaches itself to Marc' Antonio amongst engravers, or to the *Lucrezia*

amongst his works. Born at Bologna towards the end of the fifteenth century, accused in Venice of plagiarising Albert Dürer, protected in Rome by Raffaello, thrown into prison for impropriety of subjects by Pope Clement VII., liberated at the intercession of Bandinelli and some of the Cardinals, plundered in the sacking of the Eternal City by the Spaniards, and, according to Malvasia,[1] finally assassinated for a breach of faith, the life of Marc' Antonio Raimondi, founder of the Roman school, was certainly an eventful and important one. And in his life the *Lucrezia* certainly is a landmark. He engraved it immediately after arriving in Rome, and Raffaello was so pleased with its execution as to consider Marc' Antonio thenceforward worthy of reproducing his pictures; thus, by means of the *Lucrezia*, he was appointed engraver to Raffaello.[2]

In the *Lucrezia* are perceptible Marc' Antonio's characteristics of pure outline and correct drawing of the extremities. But the impression in the Print Room at Holland House is worn out. May, however, the Greek inscription on the left remain ineffaceable! The translation of it would be: "It is better to die than to live in dishonour."

[1] Bryan: Dictionary of Painters and Engravers.

[2] Bartsch: Le Peintre Graveur.

The specimens of Marc' Antonio's two pupils, Marco da Ravenna and Giulio Bonasoni, like that of the *Lucrezia*, are not of the best. But it should be remembered that these artists had the honour of being employed to engrave the works of Raffaello and Michel Angelo, and any relic from their gravers should be respected accordingly.

Then we would say a few words about the Florentine Stefano della Bella, who lived from 1610 to 1664, and who shines in this collection. In facility of manipulation he has probably never been surpassed, while his touch and execution are charming.

Jombert says that Stefano was in the habit of beginning to draw his figures from the feet, and working upwards. Whatever the process, the result is to be admired; and those critics who remark that some of his plates are only slightly etched, should remember that they amounted to more than fourteen hundred in number. Nor was this so much sacrificing quality, as detail, to quantity.

Stefano, in Holland House, is especially noticeable by his *Capricci*; the entry of the Polish Ambassador into Rome in 1633; a very fine and rare impression of the *Reposoir*, and also a very rare etching of two galleys fighting. But, of course, exceptional merit is not a necessary consequence of its rareness.

On the contrary, as a rule, it was when a work was not liked that only a few impressions were made of it, while what was good, being in general demand, was extensively reproduced. Collectors, however, often seem to think otherwise.

By Stefano della Bella there are here, also worthy of mention, a view of the *Villa Pratolini*, near Florence—interesting, certainly, as the villa has since been destroyed; and four different views of the port of Leghorn, the first one including the colossal statue of Ferdinand I. These views belong to the set of six mentioned in Le Blanc's catalogue, pp. 1034-9.

In the Italian school at Holland House, Salvator Rosa, also, finds his place, by an almost complete collection of his soldiers, robbers, and beggars, which fully coincide with the vivid and brusque character of his pictures, and with the popular idea of the haunts he frequented for the purpose of studying from nature.

Amongst the Germans here the first place belongs to Albert Dürer, the reformer, if not the founder, of the German school. Good in anatomy and perspective, though somewhat formal in outline, and wanting in that taste which can best be acquired by studying

the antique, Albert Dürer composed well and executed well; and, having surpassed many in other countries, can scarcely be said to have been surpassed in his own. In the Holland House collection we have his *Virgin with the Monkey.* The house in the background to the right, the original sketch of which is at the British Museum, was one belonging to the artist. By Albert Dürer we have also, but, sad to say, in bad condition, the *Melancolia* and *Death's Horse.*

Nearly a century and a half after Albert Dürer was born at Nuremberg, Wenceslaus Hollar was born at Prague (1607). He was a great artist, and, to the shame of England, an unfortunate one. Lord Arundel met him abroad and patronised him continuously, and both the Charles's employed him. He formed part of the Ambassador's suite to Ferdinand II. in 1636, was taken prisoner with the Royalists in 1645, and, soon after the Restoration, went to Africa as his Majesty's designer, and made drawings of the town of Tangier with the fort and the adjacent country. But he only received 100*l.* for his work and expenses; and years afterwards, when he was dying, bailiffs came to seize his bed, his last remaining piece of furniture. He entreated their forbearance for a short time, as he should

then have no further need of it; and earnestly requested he might not be removed to any other prison but his grave.[1] Thus it is with melancholy interest that we look on the few good specimens of Wenceslaus Hollar which we come across in Holland House. They are chiefly portraits.

Under the head of "Anonymous Prints," we find in the Print Room, what are probably contributions to the early German school by "*les petits maîtres.*" Let us not confound expressions: these "*petits maîtres*" are not the *petits maîtres* of the nineteenth century; they are, literally, "little masters," and were German jewellers. In those days there was more universality, more freedom, in art than there is now. Just as the artist could be also a sculptor and an architect, so could the jeweller be an artist. Albret Dürer himself, the son of a goldsmith, acquired the elements of his artistic education from his father; and how many great Italian engravers, even Marc' Antonio, worked upon the precious metal before practising art in its higher regions! The "*petits maîtres*" always looked upon Nature in miniature, and their works possess less beauty for the general spectator than interest to workers in gold. It was probably to satisfy themselves rather than the public

[1] Bryan: Dictionary of Painters and Engravers.

that they used to have a few impressions taken of their designs. Hence these early works are rare, and much sought after by amateurs.

We now come to the Dutch and Flemish schools, which were one until Rembrandt and Rubens gave to each of them a separate identity and lustre.

Treating them here in their united classification, there are specimens from Rembrandt, Lucas van Leyden, and Suyderhoef, as well as engravings after Rubens.

The Rembrandts, which form perhaps the most valuable part of the collection, are numerous, not all in good condition, but always interesting, in the same way that Rembrandt's works in general are not all perfect but always valuable. For if he was unfortunate in the choice of his subjects, if he was guilty of anachronisms in his costumes, if he failed when he attempted to depict the sublime, and even if it be true that he obstinately refused to study from the antique, he is still a great master; and instead of spoiling our pleasure by poring over his defects, we would do well to improve our taste by imagining what he would be without them.

What we would call the Rubens collection in Holland House is a volume of engravings after Rubens

of the pictures in the Luxembourg, published in Paris (1710).

Lucas van Leyden, the contemporary and friend of Albert Dürer, differed somewhat in style from the great German master. Bryan says that he may be regarded as the patriarch of the Dutch school; certainly he was an infant prodigy in it; for he designed and engraved at eight years old, and at fourteen he produced his celebrated *Mahomet Drunk*. His plates, which were as fine in the foreground as in the distance, did not stand much wear. In engraving, the first to come are the best served; and the few works of Lucas van Leyden in this collection unfortunately do not appear to be early impressions.

By Suyderhoef there are some exceedingly good portraits. And while in the Dutch and Flemish schools, we must not omit a tribute to some beautiful etchings of Jean Chalon, whom we mention all the more gladly as England can boast of having possessed him for a while. He was born at Amsterdam (1738), and died in London (1795). We are told that he etched chiefly after his own designs and after original drawings by Rembrandt. The specimens we notice of his works in Holland House would appear to belong to this latter class.

Of the French school here we think Jacques Callot the greatest ornament. There is an impression, though in a bad state, of his best work, the *Fiera dell' Impruneta*, of which, as we shall see later, there is a large oil-painting upstairs. The Print Room also contains, by Callot, several figures very cleverly sketched in sepia, probably studies for some of his *Capricci*. Then there is a good, though mutilated, set (specimens) of his *Misères de la Guerre*, and a complete set of his *Gipsies*, which he executed after his return from Florence. It may be remembered that Callot, who was born at Nancy in 1593, belonged to a noble family, and was intended by his parents for far other pursuits than engraving. But at the age of twelve he joined a party of gipsies on their way to Florence, and during his stay with them he probably made sketches for these plates. However unfilial Callot was in his escape from his father's roof, one must admire his perseverance in clinging to Art.

After being protected at Florence, recognized in Rome, and induced to return home, he was again opposed in his artistic tastes, and he again eloped. This time he was found at Turin by his brother and brought back. At last he was allowed to study, and went to Rome in the suite of the Envoy from the Duke of Lorraine. He went also to Florence,

and worked there under more dignified auspices, it may be supposed, than during his former visit. After his return to France he was employed by Louis XIII., towards whose Minister, Richelieu, he exhibited as much independence as he had shown to his own father. The Cardinal having ordered him to make a drawing and engrave a plan of the siege of Nancy, his native town, taken by the French in 1631, he refused, on the ground that it would be celebrating the humiliation of his country. And when Richelieu said there were means of making him comply, he answered, "I will sooner cut off my right hand, than employ it in anything derogatory to the honour of my prince or my country."[1] But debarring himself from one subject need not have reduced the number of his works, as he was fertile in invention, while his perseverance in design may be compared to his early perseverance in study, and his taste and spirit to his youthful choice and adventures.

Abraham Bosse, who was born at Tours about 1610, and who seems to have formed his style by imitating the least finished plates of Callot,[2] is worthy of mention. He engraved from his own designs, as well as from the designs of others, and was the author of

[1] Bryan: Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. [2] Ibid.

"*La manière de graver à l'eau forte, et au Burin.*" From his large collection we have a few very good specimens in pretty fair condition.

In the French school should also be mentioned a landscape by Claude Lorraine, with ruins on the left, and cattle in the foreground.

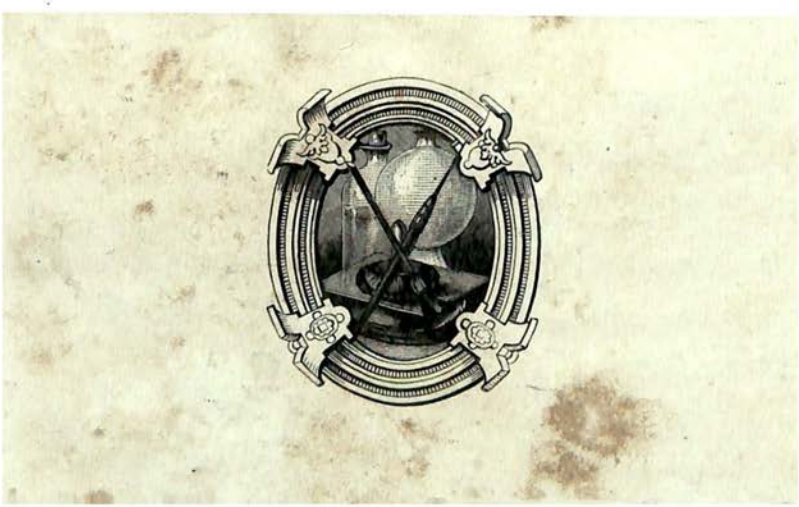
The sole member of the Spanish school here is Francisco Goya y Lucientes, an engraver of whom Spain may be justly proud. Of him there is (we hope not a spurious impression) that very rare etching, *El Garote.* By itself, the etching is worth a whole ordinary collection. The original of it is in the British Museum.

The English school of engravers, which began about the early part of the last century, does not assert itself with great force in this room; but in other parts of Holland House there are various volumes illustrating the works of Hogarth and other masters.

Besides what we have thus briefly enumerated, or rather hinted at, there is what, for want of better classification, we would call a miscellaneous assortment. In this are several works of prints after

masters. For example, by Annibale Caracci: paintings in the Palazzo Farnese at Rome, published 1657; also prints after Watteau, Lancret, Rigaud, and Boucher, in good condition; and a great many French lithographs, portraits of persons more or less celebrated in the beginning of this century. But to describe all the prints would require volumes; to enumerate them would be simple cataloguing. So here we leave the Prints and the Print Room.[1]

[1] I cannot send this chapter to press without a hearty acknowledgment of the immense assistance I have received from Mr. Fagan, of the British Museum, in the preparation of it.—M. L.





CHAPTER XIII.

FOURTH WEST ROOM.

THE FOURTH WEST ROOM, properly called the WEST ROOM, has a ceiling and a paper like those of the Map Room. Its distinctive feature is that it presents to our view about as much glass as wall. Two glass doors lead into it from the Map Room; another to the left opens on a terrace; and at the end of the room there is a large bow window, out of which a door takes us down a flight of steps into the Dutch Garden.

Dismissing the subject of the glass with the assurance to our readers that it does not prevent the room being very comfortable, we will notice some of the pictures for which there is space on the walls:—

A sketch, in oils, of a *Santa Famiglia*, attributed to Rubens.

A curious old painting of St. James's Park, in which we see Piccadilly under a very different aspect from that which it at present bears.

Two family portraits by Ramsay: (1), of Caroline, first Lady Holland, with whose rather romantic story we are already acquainted; (2), of her sister, Lady Cecilia Lennox, who died of consumption at Holland House.

We do not here need the catalogue to tell us the name of the artist. The first portrait, especially, is completely in Ramsay's style—no vain striving after effect, no ambitious shortcomings. Repose, harmony; in fact, a natural picture. And could one expect much less from Ramsay, the son of a poet, himself a scholar and a man of letters, the founder at Edinburgh of the Select Society?

Two paintings by Chisolfi.

By Hoare, Stephen, second Lord Holland,[1] who died in 1774.

A sea-view, with figures, by Vernet. The distance in this picture is charming.

Two drawings of *Putti*, by Lady Diana Beauclerk, who was known familiarly as "my Lady

[1] See head-piece to this chapter.

Bully." She was the eldest daughter of Charles, Duke of Marlborough, and married in the first instance Lord Bolingbroke, from whom she was divorced in 1763. Topham Beauclerk was her second husband.

A painting by Jan Steen.

A portrait of La Pérouse.

A sketch of Holland House Lawn, in July 1851, from the Journal Room window, by Vivant Beauce.

A sketch in crayons by Hoppner: the Apotheosis of Sta. Clara, pupil of St. Francis. This Saint, it may be remembered, belonged to Assisa, founded the Order of the Clare Nuns, and lived from 1293 until 1353. Hoppner's sketch is taken from the beautiful fresco by Murillo, in the cloister of the Franciscan Convent at Seville, destroyed during the French invasion.

Now, to admire quite a different school of art, we come to Hogarth. He has, of course, been surpassed, in dignity, in poetry, and even in grace as well as in sublimity. But has his equal ever been found, in truth, in wit, in character, or, if we may so speak, in pantomime? Other artists, truly, have had higher aims. Raffaello, Guido, Correggio, taught religion; but Hogarth's aim was practical, and let us

hope he taught morality by the hideousness of the immorality he held up to view. Yes! Hogarth was eminently practical. Once he made too true a likeness of a certain nobleman not favoured by physical beauty, and the nobleman, perhaps upon the principle that truth is libel, refused to take the picture. Practical Hogarth, however, made his customer come to another understanding by the following letter:—

"*Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord* ——, *finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's necessity for the money; if, therefore, his Lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other little appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild-beast man; Mr. Hogarth having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition of pictures, on his Lordship's refusal.*"[1]

It is evident that the realistic artist had not so great a difficulty in obtaining his money from Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, who seems to have treasured an account for prints in Hogarth's handwriting, which we reproduce.

There are by Hogarth three pictures in this room:

[1] Anecdotes of the celebrated William Hogarth; with an explanatory description of his works. London, 1811.

(1.) A portrait of Henry, first Lord Holland, given to Elizabeth, Lady Holland, by General Fox.

(2.) A view of Ranelagh, the very Ranelagh of which there is such an amusing description in Rogers's "Table Talk":—

"General Fitzpatrick remembered the time when St. James's Street used to be crowded with the carriages of the ladies and gentlemen who were walking in the Mall,—the ladies with their heads in full dress, and the gentlemen carrying their hats under their arms. The proprietors of Ranelagh and Vauxhall used to send decoy-ducks among them, that is, persons attired in the height of fashion, who every now and then would exclaim in a very audible tone, 'What charming weather for Ranelagh' or 'for Vauxhall!' Ranelagh was a very pleasing place of amusement. There persons of inferior rank mingled with the highest nobility of Britain. All was so orderly and still, that you could hear the *whishing* sound of the ladies' trains, as the immense assembly walked round and round the room. If you chose, you might have tea, which was served up in the neatest equipage possible. The price of admission was half-a-crown. People generally went to Ranelagh between nine and ten o'clock."

So much for Ranelagh. The picture itself is de-

The March to Finchly — 0-10-6
Paul before Felix — — 0-7-6
Moses brought to Pharoahs
Daughter — ——————— 0-7-6
Four Prints on Cruelty — 0-6:0
Boar-street and Gin lane 0:3:0
A subscription print to
the Paul and moses, in
the manner of Rembrant — 0:0:0
The Last payment to the
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Jan.y 4 1757

Rec.d of the Hon.ble Henry Fox Esq.r
the above contents in full of
all Demands Wm. Hogarth

scribed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September 1836, as follows:—

"Mr. Tiffin of the Strand has a picture, representing *Ranelagh Grove*, leading to Lord Ranelagh's house and grounds at Chelsea, the spot so celebrated afterwards as a place of fashionable resort. In the foreground are several figures setting on two dogs to fight, painted in a style which reminds one of the 'Stages of Cruelty.' Behind which, a little in the distance, is a chariot richly ornamented with carving and gilding in the taste of the time, containing a lady and gentleman, drawn by two white horses. Another carriage is seen on the right, proceeding towards Chelsea through a lane lined with high trees (now entirely built upon). On the same side of the picture, in the distance, is a village fair, with a number of figures beautifully painted, among which may be recognized the fire-eater, seen in Hogarth's print of 'Southwark Fair.' On the left a man, strongly resembling the notorious Colonel Charteris, is conducting a young lady attended by two maids, near whom is inscribed the puzzling inscription, 'KEE PONT HISS IDE' (keep on this side). The distance is a perspective view of a long row of trees with houses on each side, then, and to the present day, called Ranelagh Grove. The picture

contains above fifty figures, and is altogether painted with wonderful spirit and truth. It measures 2 ft. 9 in. long, by 3 ft. high, exclusive of frame."[1]

(3.) The third is a remarkable picture of private theatricals. The following, taken from the key to it, published Feb. 1, 1791, and giving a list of the performers and audience represented in the picture, may interest some of our readers:—

CONQUEST OF MEXICO,

As performed at Mr. Conduit's, Master of the Mint, before the Duke of Cumberland, &c.

PERFORMERS.

Cortez	Lord Lempster.
Cydaria	Lady Caroline Lenox.
Almeria	Lady Sophia Fermor.
Alibech	Miss Conduit, afterwards Lady Lymington.

AUDIENCE.

Duke of Cumberland.
Princess Mary.
Princess Lousia.
Lady Deloraine and her daughters.
Duchess of Richmond.
Duke of Richmond.
Earl of Pomfret.
Duke of Montague.
Tom Hill.
Dr. Desaguliers.

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, September 1836, under "PAINTINGS BY HOGARTH."

And can we more appropriately take leave of Hogarth than in Garrick's own words, which we have copied from the great artist's tomb at Chiswick?

Farewel great Painter of Mankind!
Who reach'd the noblest point of Art,
Whose *pictur'd Morals* charm the Mind,
And through the Eye, correct the Heart.

If *Genius* fire thee, Reader, stay:
If *Nature* touch thee, drop a Tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For HOGARTH's honour'd dust lies here.

Lastly, turning to another artist, whose style had so much in common with that of Hogarth that it was not always sublime, we notice a caricature by Patch. It was done at Florence about the year 1760, and we happen to know that it represents a comedy in real life.

The scene is a studio at Florence, with a window opening on to the Arno. The personages are: a rich, ugly old Jewess, by name Mistress Tabitha Mendes, sitting for her portrait in a profusion of jewellery, lace, and silk; a maid, who might rival her mistress in personal attractions, holding a dog; a man, John, third Duke of Roxburghe, Mistress Tabitha's suitor, turning his back upon her, while the artist, Patch himself, *en déshabille*, and with something like a curl-paper in his hair, is pausing in the work and listens with a half-



FROM A PICTURE BY PATCH.

amused look to the dispirited suitor, who, finding himself unequal to the matrimonial enterprise, whispers in accents of despair, "She is more than I can stand."

History tells us that the same John, Duke of Roxburghe, who, by the bye, was the celebrated book collector, died unmarried. The trial recorded by Patch's brush was probably enough, if not too much, for him.

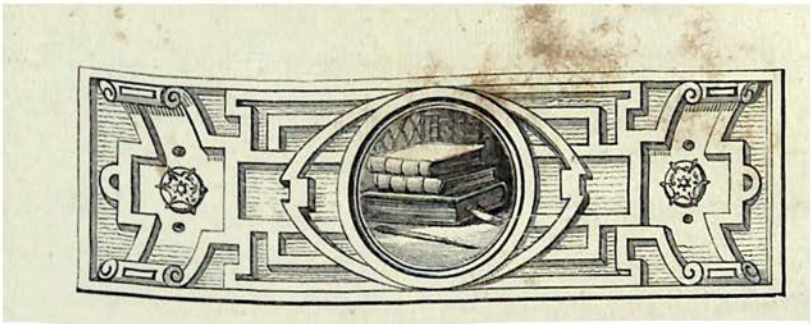
We have taken the foregoing names from a note at the back of the picture by Lord Ossory, who, according to a further note by the third Lord Holland, bought the picture at a broker's, remembered Patch the painter of it, and was intimate with the Duke of Roxburghe.

It is curious how little Thomas Patch is known, and yet Nagler says he is "einer der verdienstvollsten Künstler des vorigen Jahrhunderts." Patch, as his name proclaims him, an Englishman, was a painter and engraver, who appears to have flourished about the year 1770. He deserves to be better known. Nagler goes on to say: "Er malte Landschaften mit Figuren, besonders auch Carrikaturen, hat sich aber durch diese Dinge bei weitem nicht so viel Dank erworben, als durch seine Stiche nach den Fresken des Th. Masaccio und anderer Meister in Florenz, und nach den erhobenen Arbeiten des Lorenzo Ghiberti

an den Bronzethüren des Battisterio daselbst. . . . . Wir bemerken hier nur noch, dass Patch der erste ist, welcher auf die Meisterwerke der alten florentinischen Meister aufmerksam machte."[1] In a later part of this work we shall have occasion to mention two landscapes by Patch. Meanwhile we recommend a study of his works to any of our readers who, making acquaintance with him over the foregoing woodcut, think he would be pleasant company.

[1] Nagler: Kunst Lexicon. München, 1841. Band xi.





CHAPTER XIV.

ALLEN'S ROOM.

THE name of Allen is perpetuated in a room of Holland House, as well as on more than one row of houses in Kensington, and Allen himself has been written of by Lord Brougham thus:—

"It would be a very imperfect account of Lord Holland which should make no mention of the friend who for the latter and more important part of his life shared all his thoughts and was never a day apart from him, Mr. John Allen; or the loss which in him the world of politics and of science, but still more, our private circle, has lately had to deplore—another blank which assuredly cannot be filled up. He was educated at Edinburgh as a

physician, and stood far at the head of all his contemporaries as a student of the sciences connected with the healing art; but he also cultivated most successfully all the branches of intellectual philosophy, and was eminent in that famous school of metaphysics, for his extensive learning and his unrivalled power of subtle reasoning. For some years he lectured most ably on Physiology, but before entering on practice he accepted an invitation to attend Lord Holland's family, during the Peace of Amiens, on their journey first to France, then to Spain, where they remained till the year 1805. The materials which he collected in the latter country for a complete account of it, both historical and statistical, were of great extent and value; and a considerable portion of the work was completed, when the pleasures of political discussion, working with the natural indolence of his habits as he advanced in life, occasioned him to lay it aside; and of late years he chiefly confined his labours to some very learned papers upon the antiquarian lore of the English constitution in the 'Edinburgh Review.' He also published, in 1830, a learned and luminous work upon the ancient history of that constitution.

"He had originally been a somewhat indiscriminate admirer of the French Revolution, and was not of the

number of its eulogists whom the excesses of 1793, and 1794, alienated from its cause. Even the Directorial tyranny had not opened his eyes to the evils of its course; but a larger acquaintance with mankind, more of what is termed 'knowledge of the world,' greatly mitigated the strength of his opinions, and his minute study of the ancient history of our own constitution completed his emancipation from earlier prejudices—nay, rather cast his opinions into the opposite scale; for it is certain that during the last thirty or forty years of his life, in other words, during all his political life, far from tolerating revolutionary courses, or showing any tenderness towards innovations, he was a reformer on so small a scale that he could hardly be brought to approve of any change at all in our Parliamentary constitution. He held the measure of 1831–32 as all but revolutionary; augured ill of its effects on the structure of the House of Commons; and regarded it as having in the result worked great mischief on the composition of that body, whatever benefit it might have secured to the Whigs as a party movement. . . . .

"If it be asked what was the peculiar merit, the characteristic excellence of Mr. Allen's understanding, the answer is not difficult to make. It was

the rare faculty of combining general views with details of fact, and thus at once availing himself of all that theory or speculation presents for our guide, with all that practical experience affords to correct those results of general reasoning. . . . He for whom no theory was too abstract, no speculation too general, could so far stoop to the details of practical statesmanship as to give a friend, proceeding for the first time on a delicate and important mission, this sound advice:—'Don't ever appear anxious about any point, either in arguing to convince those you are treating with, or in trying to obtain a concession from them. It often may happen that your indifference will gain a much readier access to their minds. Earnestness and anxiety are necessary for one addressing a public assembly—not so for a negotiator.'

"The character of Mr. Allen was of the highest order. His integrity was sterling, his honour pure and untarnished. No one had a more lofty disdain of those mean tricks to which, whether on trifles or matters of importance, worldly men have too frequent recourse. . . . His feelings, too, were warm; his nature kind and affectionate. No man was a more steady or sincere friend; and his enmity, though fierce, was placable.

"It may naturally be asked how it happened that one of his great talents, long experience, and many rare accomplishments, intimately connected as he was with the leading statesmen of his time (the Ministers of the Crown for the last ten years of his life), should never have been brought into public life, nor ever been made in any way available to the service of the country? Nor can the answer to this question be that he had no powers of public speaking, and would, if in Parliament, have been for the most part a silent member; because it would not be easy to name a more unbroken silence than was for many long years kept by such leading Whigs as Mr. Hare, Lord John Townsend, and General Fitzpatrick, without whom, nevertheless, it was always supposed that the Whig phalanx would have been wanting in its just proportions; and also because there are many important, many even high political, offices that can well and usefully be filled by men wholly unused to the wordy war; yet Mr. Allen never filled any place except as Secretary, nay Under Secretary, for a few months, to the Commissioners for treating with America in 1806.[1] Then I fear we are driven, in accounting for this strange

[1] Lord Holland was one of the plenipotentiaries. See chap. iv. p. 136.

fact, to the high aristocratic habits of our Government, if the phrase may be allowed; and can comprehend Mr. Allen's entire exclusion from power in no other way than by considering it as now a fixed and settled rule that there is in this country a line drawn between the ruling caste and the rest of the community—not, indeed, that the latter are mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, but that, out of a profession like the bar, intimately connected with politics, or out of the patrician circles themselves the monopolists of political preferment, no such rise is in ordinary cases possible. The genius of our system, very far from consulting its stable endurance, appears thus to apportion its labours and its enjoyment, separating the two classes of our citizens by an impassable line, and bestowing freely upon the one the sweat and the toil, while it reserves strictly for the other the fruit and the shade."[1]

The introduction of Allen to Lord Holland was through Sydney Smith, whose daughter says:—

"About this period [1801] Lord Holland, with whom my father had been slightly acquainted, wrote to ask if he could recommend any clever

[1] Brougham, Statesmen of the Time of George III. Series III. Vol. ii.

young Scotch medical man to accompany him to Spain, where he was going. My father had the pleasure of recommending his friend Mr. Allen, whose high character and talents were so valued at Holland House, that he never after left it, but remained there even after Lord Holland's death, and died loved, honoured, and respected by the whole of Lord Holland's family."[1]

The year before Allen's death, Sydney Smith writes to Lady Holland:—

"I am sorry to hear Allen is not well; but the reduction of his legs is a pure and unmixed good; they are enormous,—they are clerical! He has the creed of a philosopher and the legs of a clergyman; I never saw such legs,—at least, belonging to a layman."[2]

He died at Lady Holland's residence, 33 South Street, on the 10th of April, 1843, and was buried at Milbrook, the last resting-place also of the third Lord Holland and of several members of the family.

To Lady Holland he must have been a friendly factotum. He almost always attended her on her drives, was usually invited out with her and Lord Holland to dinner, and in Holland House sat at

[1] Memoir of Sydney Smith, by his daughter. Chap. ii.

[2] Letters of Sydney Smith, edited by Mrs. Austin. (Letter 480.)

the bottom of the table and carved. In this performance Lady Holland was apt to fidget him by giving him directions, and he would assert his independence by laying down the knife and fork and telling her she had better do it herself!

The room bearing his name has a bay window with a window-seat and fine old brocaded curtains. Filled bookcases at first might testify to the late occupant's intellectual cultivation; but the books are mostly novels, which we suspect have found their way into Allen's room since Allen left it.

There is, however, in the Library of Holland House, a literary monument to his memory in the form of two volumes containing his articles and reviews, some of them annotated by himself.

We are not about to make a review of Allen's writings, which comprised history, travels, politics, science, and what not. But we can safely say that he could discuss—and discuss ably—other matters besides those belonging to his profession. His style was clear and concise, his knowledge extensive, his general view of things liberal. His article published in 1834 upon a letter to the Duke of Wellington on the Propriety and Legality of creating Peers for Life, would be advanced even for the present day: and though a Scotchman and a patriot,

his view of Ireland was almost prophetic, as is proved by the following sentence, which is the single quotation we shall here make from his pen:—

". . . . She [England] has also added about five millions to her population by her union with Ireland; and would to heaven we could say, that she had by that measure added in the same proportion to her strength and security; and that a blind and bigotted attachment to ancient prejudices, and a callous and disgusting indifference to the feelings and interests of so large a portion of her subjects, had not converted that which ought to have been her pride and strength, into her chief source of weakness and apprehension."[1]

Surely this, published in 1807, might be read as a commentary upon recent facts in 1873!

On the walls of ALLEN'S ROOM are some pretty pictures, some even without names. We would only mention the following:—

Mary, Baroness Holland, in a charming pink and grey costume.

The Duke of Richmond, Charles the Second's son, with very little drapery, and holding a bird by a string.

[1] Edinburgh Review (July 1807). Capmany: Qüestiones Criticas.

The Duchess of Portsmouth.

The Countess of Pembroke, by Gascar.

And Charles, third Duke of Richmond, by the great Florentine artist, Battoni.

This last picture, the best in the room, is quaint and excellent; life-size, not quite full length, with two dogs introduced on a table: the colouring in good preservation, the grouping well arranged.

We have passed by the PRINCESSES' ROOMS. No historical interest, that we are aware of, attaches itself to them. Of course they have been inhabited by interesting people, which we venture to think might be said of any visitor's room in Holland House.

Near ALLEN'S ROOM is a small China Closet, with a quantity of china. But . . . . we are not here making an inventory.





CHAPTER XV.

THE JOURNAL ROOM.

This room derives its name from having been that in which State papers and journals were kept. It is entered by four different doors, one from the lobby out of the Breakfast Room, one from the White Parlour, one from "Allen's Room," and one from the Garden. It is longer than it is wide, and very fully furnished with books and pictures. Upon the books we need not here dwell; they come under the head of the Library.

Amongst the pictures are:—

By Phillips: Charles, Earl Grey; and Sir Philip Francis.

It was the same Charles, Earl Grey, who, when

still Lord Howick, distinguished himself in the House of Commons under Lord Grenville's administration by carrying the Act for the abolition of the Slave Trade, and who, later, in 1830, becoming Prime Minister, announced as the objects of his policy, Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform. He died in 1845.

Sir Philip Francis was, as we all know, the supposed author of Junius's Letters; many having been the discussions, arguments, and anecdotes concerning the supposed authorship. Without entering into a province which does not belong to us, and without here renewing a still vexed question, we venture to remind the reader of a well-known story the scene of which is laid in Holland House. We are indebted for it to Sir James Lacaita, who had it from Lord Lansdowne (the third marquis). Sir Philip Francis, Samuel Rogers, and others, were staying at Holland House. Sir Philip and Rogers got on remarkably well together. One evening, after dinner, they were walking alone in the gallery and discussing politics and literature. Sir Philip grew more communicative than usual, and so friendly and confidential towards Rogers, that the latter, much encouraged, ventured to say: "Now, Sir Philip, I should like to ask you a rather delicate question: may I?" Whereupon Sir Philip's manner and tone

were at once altered; and, suddenly stopping, he answered in a short and abrupt way, "At your peril, sir, at your peril." Rogers remained silent, and then changed the subject of conversation; but he carried therefrom a firm belief that Sir Philip was "Junius."[1]

By James Ramsay: the Right Hon. Hugh Fortescue, Viscount Ebrington. He afterwards became second Earl of Fortescue. Born 1783; died 1861.

Now we come to a great work by a great master: The Princess Lieven, by Watts. And we would excite the reader's interest rather than betray the artist's confidence when we say that Watts considers this one of his best portraits.

The canvas measures 46 inches by 36; and the old lady sitting down allows us a three-quarters view of her face. There are a plant, a flower-pot, and other accessories; but these, though capable of inspection, still leave the portrait the prominent part of the picture. And its prominence is as safe as it is right. Carefully drawn and highly finished, but idealized neither in age nor in costume, this wonderful representation is a miracle of art by its truth to nature.

[1] The substance of the above story is given in vol. vi. p. 66 of "Moore's Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence," (Russell,) with the addition that Rogers, on leaving Francis, muttered to himself, "If he *is* Junius, it must be *Junius Brutus*."

The Princess Lieven, though born in the eighteenth century, 1784, having only died in 1857, may be considered as belonging to our times.

Like a great many clever women, she attracted about her satellites who were worthy of her charms; she herself being a star of the first magnitude. Her name shone, and her fame still shines—a diplomatic and social light of the present century. Married to the Russian Ambassador in London, she acquired an early taste for politics: and we cannot wonder at her acquiring the taste when we remember the position she occupied during the period which preceded the downfall of Napoleon, during which period the eyes of Europe watched with breathless anxiety to see whether the two great powers of Russia and England would keep at peace with each other.

In appearance dignified, in manners simple, with the intellect of a man and the pliability of a woman; well dressed, and always suitably to her years, she presented in herself a general concentration of charms; and these, wherever she went, she seemed unwittingly to dispense without self-privation. Her style in writing harmonized with her other qualities, and was always in harmony with her subject. She could be grave, gay, learned, sarcastic. One generally loves

doing what one does well; she wrote well and loved to use her pen. She has been very aptly said to combine "la raison de La Rochefoucauld avec les manières de Madame de Sévigné." But with all this she had no taste for reading, except the newspapers; and her ignorance upon some common subjects would have been marvellous even in a schoolboy.

During her last years in Paris, her *salon* was the resort of the great men of the day. Molé, Montalembert, Guizot, Thiers, and others met there and carried on their fierce discussions under the pacifying charm of her whose sway they owned.

Her end was touching and dignified. Naturally nervous about herself, she had dreaded the slightest indisposition; but when she heard that her doom was sealed, she looked death calmly in the face, and conformed to the last rites of the Protestant Church. Feeling the supreme moment at hand, she requested that Guizot and his son should leave her bedside, in order that they might be spared the painful sight of her agony. She had, however, still strength enough to address Guizot, her old and devoted friend, tracing in pencil these words: "Merci de vingt ans d'amitié et de bonheur."[1]

[1] Most of the above particulars of the Princess Lieven are taken from a MS. in the possession of Lady Holland.

Watts's portrait of her was executed in Paris, in 1856, the year before her death.

By J. Lonsdale: Lord Archibald Hamilton. (1822.)

By Arthur Shee: The Right Hon. John Hookham Frere, the man of letters and diplomatist, whom we have already seen (by Chantrey) in the Entrance Hall, and whom we have already mentioned in the *salon* of the third Lord Holland.

By Gauffier: Elizabeth, Lady Holland, painted at Florence in 1795.

By Rathbone: Francis Horner, of whom we do not easily tire. Sydney Smith used to say that he had the Ten Commandments written on his face; in fact, that he looked so virtuous, that he might commit any crime, and no one would believe in the possibility of his guilt.[1]

By Hoppner: Peter, Lord King. (1805.)

By Kirkup: Lord Dudley Stuart, the great friend of the Poles. (A portrait in crayons.)

By Lady Diana Beauclerk: Charles James Fox; a clever sketch, given by Miss Fox to the third Lord Holland, in 1818. The sketch is fragmentary, and as such we venture to say typifies the amount of knowledge some people who are

[1] Memoir of Sydney Smith, by his daughter. Chap. vi.

supposed to be well educated have of the man it partly represents. The artist is the same Lady Diana Beauclerk already mentioned.[1]

By Hayter (copied after a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence): John, sixth Duke of Bedford (1826), for a time Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. This was a present to the third Lord Holland.

By Jackson and Callcott: Sir James Mackintosh (after Sir Thomas Lawrence). We like to see Sir James Mackintosh in Holland House, and wish we had him by our elbow at this moment!

By Ercole: Prince de Talleyrand, copied from the original of Ary Scheffer, which was left to the Duc d'Aumale by the fourth Lord Holland. The original went to Twickenham. Talleyrand, the first diplomatist of his day, and amongst the first, if not the pleasantest, of wits, changed his condition and also his politics; but, in the expression on the canvas, we very much mistake if he ever changed his policy.

By Opie: Charles, Earl of Stanhope.

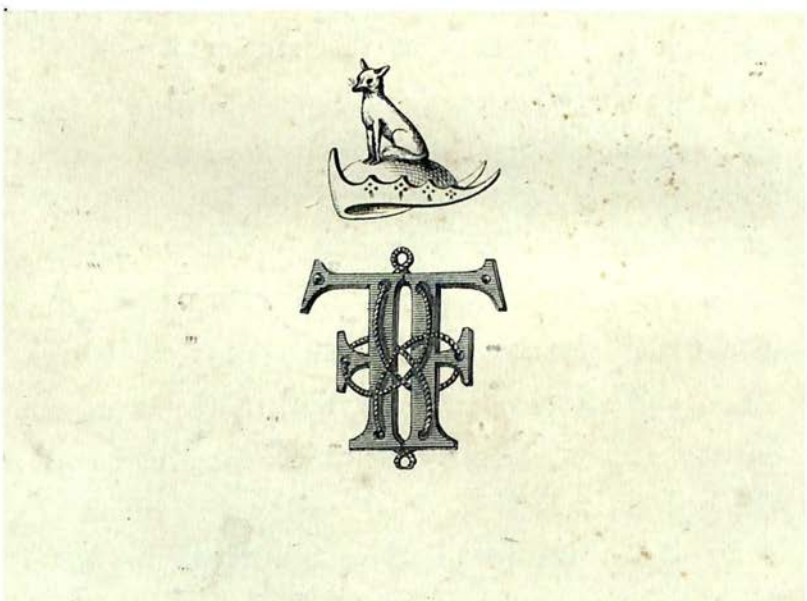
By Fabre: Henry Richard, third Lord Holland.

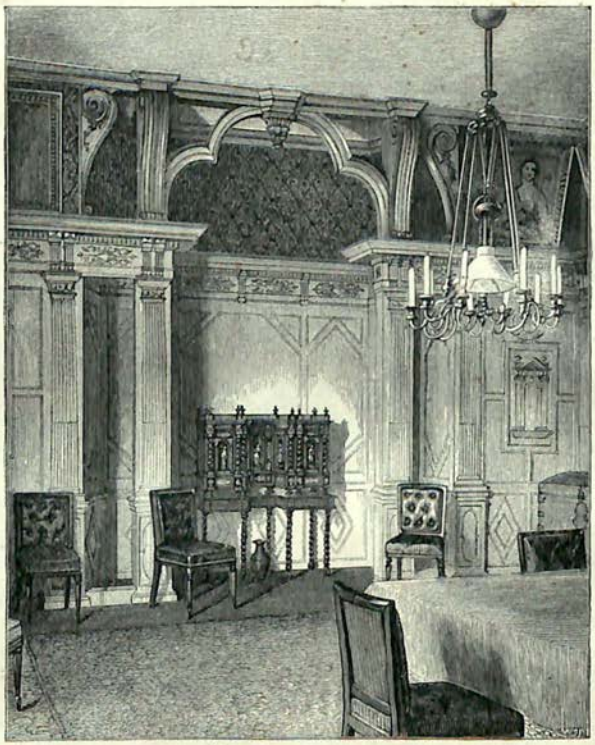
By Stoddart: Twelve water-colour drawings, illustrating Byron's Poems.

Many of the foregoing pictures deserve more

[1] See pp. 256-7.

than the bare record we have given to them. Let those who would blame our omission congratulate themselves upon the fact that limited time and space may exist with limited competency.





WHITE PARLOUR (SHOWING RECESS).

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WHITE PARLOUR.

THE WHITE PARLOUR, with its oak wainscoting, panelled in white and picked out in gold, has a high ceiling and an old-fashioned bay window, and is rather formal in appearance.

At the end of the room, opposite the entrance from the Journal Room, is a recess of pious memory. It forms the subject of the opposite plate, and has been already mentioned in our plan of the ground-floor. In its altered condition the recess remains a monument of mundane transitoriness. People in general are apt to dilate upon the vicissitudes of human life, and travellers in particular to talk of their experiences. But plain bricks and stones may be the scene of very varied events; and walls that remain

on the same spot immoveable, deaf, dumb, blind, though they be, are often witnesses of stranger combinations than hard-working sight-seers would meet with in a year's journey over the face of the earth.

The WHITE PARLOUR is now used as an anteroom, a tea-room, or for any occasional purpose. It is perhaps more than anything else a small portrait gallery, where some few distinguished friends of the house keep a place on the walls, and where, even if passed out of this life, they still remain unforgotten.

High up above the wainscot, the pictures hang:—

By Phillips: Viscount Grenville (given to the third Lord Holland).

By Hoppner: Viscount Barrington (1798). He was nephew of the second Lord Barrington, who became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1761, and died towards the end of the last century.

After Sir Thomas Lawrence: The first Marquis of Anglesea, who lost his leg at Waterloo, and who, as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, declared himself in favour of Catholic Emancipation.

By Shee: Augustus Frederick, Duke of Leinster.

Another by Hoppner: George, Viscount Morpeth (1798), afterwards Lord Carlisle, who at Holland House was indeed a valued friend.

Also by Hoppner: The Hon. General Fox; Bobus Smith (Sydney Smith's brother); and Richard Vassall (1793).

By Hamilton: Lord Edward Fitzgerald (1796).

By C. Landseer: Lieut.-Gen. C. R. Fox (1836).

By Mme. de Tott: Lady Affleck.

By Battoni: Mary, Lady Holland.

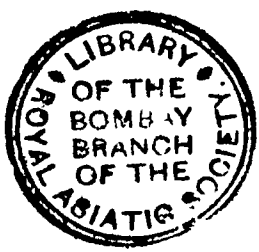
And other portraits, by artists unnamed.

An idea has obtained some circulation that two chests in the WHITE PARLOUR were Stephen Fox's money chests. The idea is erroneous. But the chests themselves seem very well known. Therefore we shall only add upon the subject that in them Stephen Fox kept official papers when he was Paymaster, or head of the War Office.



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LONDON:
R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS,
BREAD STREET HILL.



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018